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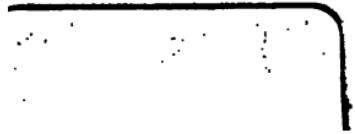
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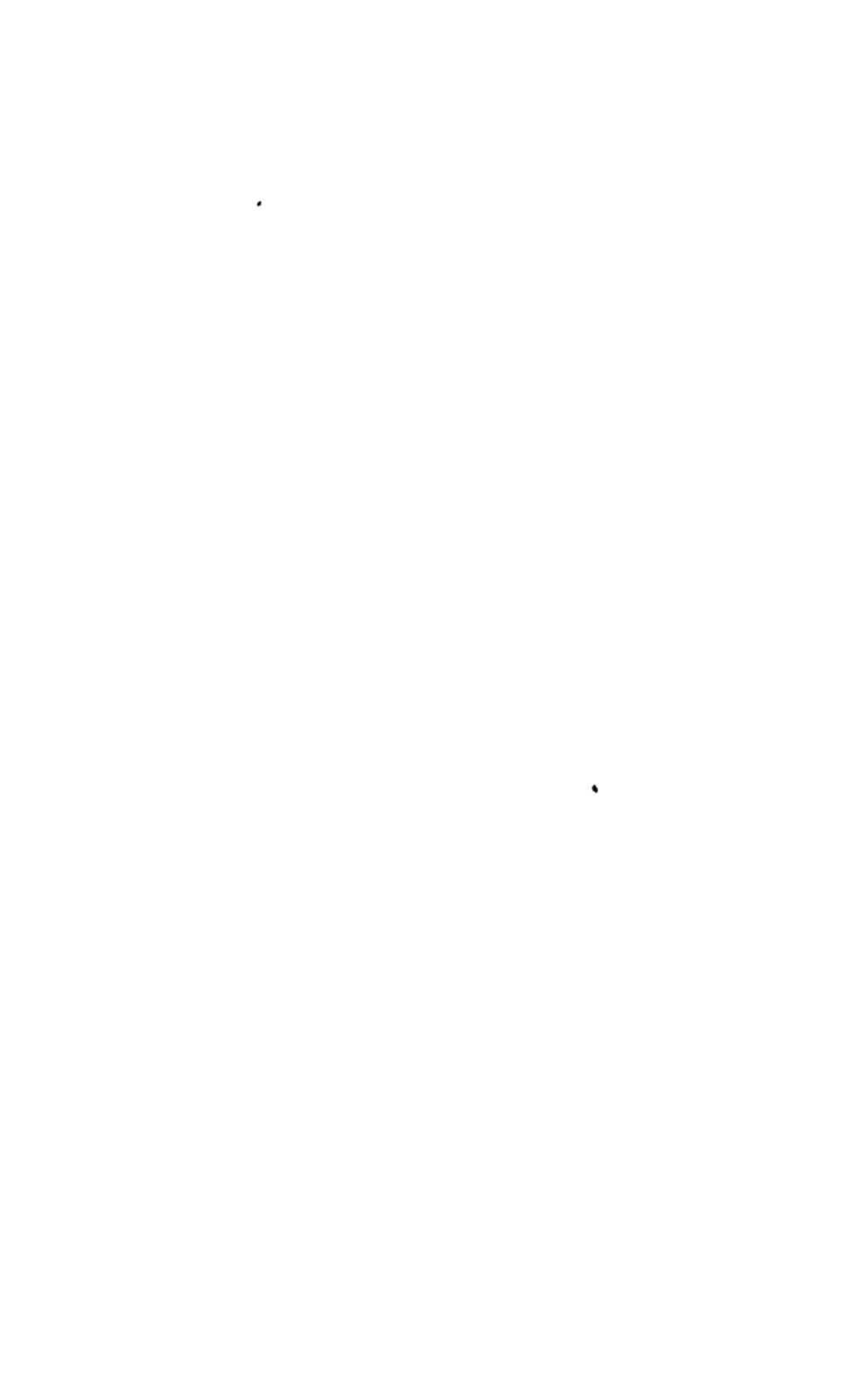
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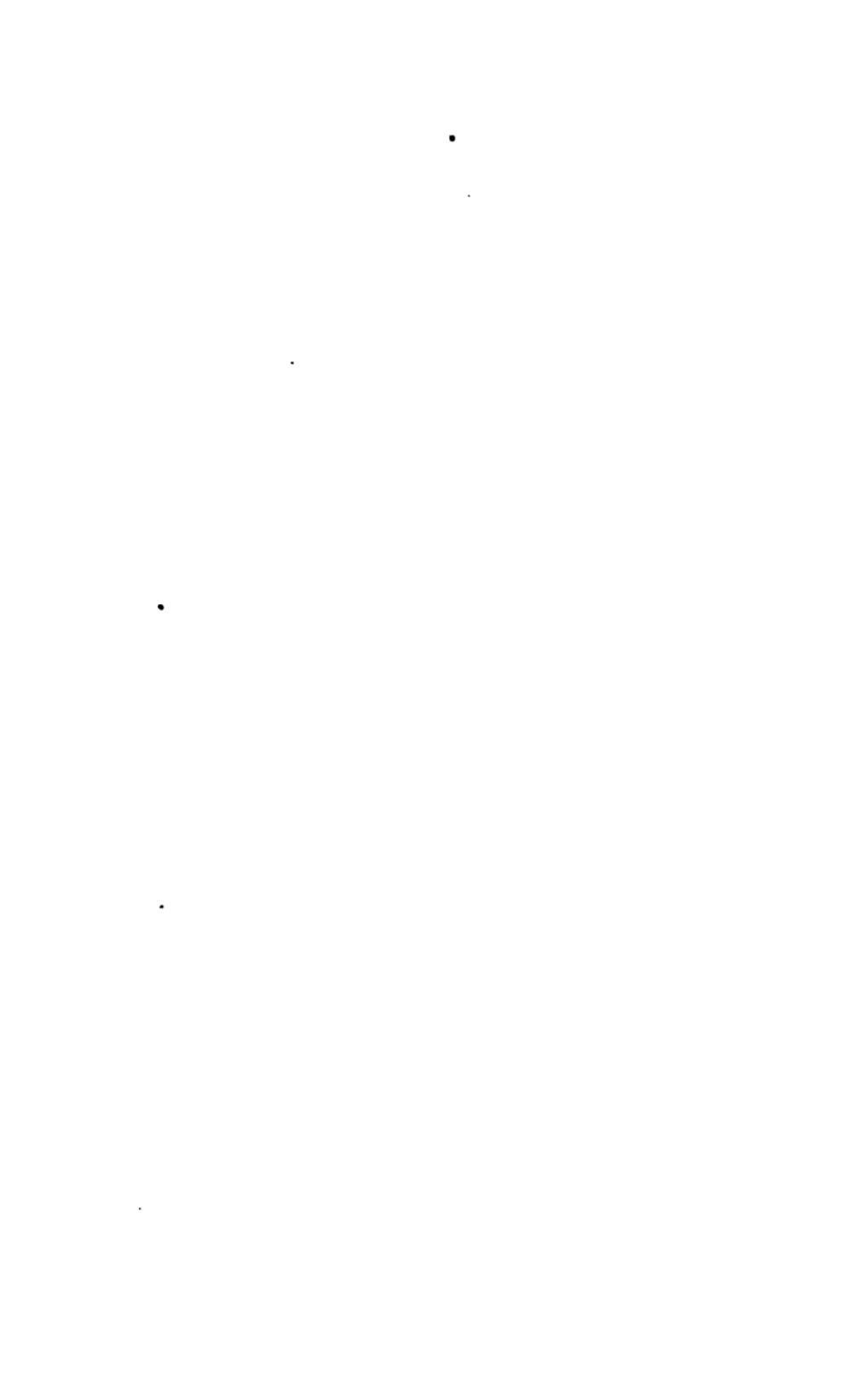
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P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.



REC'D. M.R.
8/6/17
S. 111

P O E M S¹¹¹

U P O N

Several Occasions.

By the Reverend Mr. JOHN PAMFLET.

VIZ.

- I. The CHOICE.
- II. LOVE Triumphant over REASON.
- III. CRUELTY and LUST.
- IV. On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.
- V. A Prospect of DEATH.
- VI. On the CONFLAGRATION, and Last JUDGMENT.

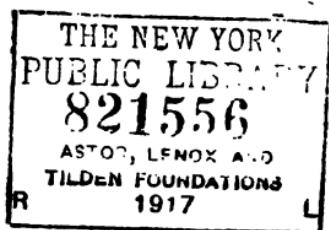
With some Account of
His LIFE and WRITINGS.

To which are Added,

His REMAINS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Addison, at Homer's Head:
M DCC LXVI.



MARY WATSON
CALIFORNIA
VIRGINIA



T H E

P R E F A C E.

I T will be to little Purpose, the AUTHOR presumes, to offer any Reasons, why the following POEMS appear in Public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle Reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the World, according to the laudable Custom of Prefaces, that

A 3 it

vi *The PREFACE.*

it was through the irresistible Importunity of Friends, or some other Excuse of ancient Renown, that he ventured them to the Press ; but he thought it much better to leave every Man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself : For, let what will be pretended, People are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the Right, that, unless it hit their Humour, it is immediately condemned for a Sham and Hypocrify.

IN short, that, which wants an Excuse for being in Print, ought

I ought not to have been printed at all ; but whether the ensuing POEMS deserve to stand in that Class, the World must have Leave to determine. What Faults the true Judgment of the *Gentleman* may find out, it is to be hoped : his Candour and good Humour will easily pardon ; but those which the Peevishness and ill Nature of the *Critic* may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used : Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous Pleasure, to scratch other Persons till the Blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

SOME

viii *The P R E F A C E.*

SOME Persons, perhaps, may wonder, How *Things* of this *Nature* dare come into the World without the Protection of some great Name, as they call it, and a fulsome *Epistle Dedicatory* to his *Grace*, or *Right Honourable*: For, if a POEM struts out under my *Lord's Patronage*, the *Author* imagines it is no less than *Scandalum Magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the World, that this same Lord is a Person of wonderful *Wit* and *Understanding*, a notable Judge of *Poetry*, and a very considerable *Poet* himself. But if a POEM have

The P R E F A C E. ix

have no intrinsic Excellencies, and
real Beauties, the greatest Name
in the World will never induce a
Man of Sense to approve it ; and
if it has them, *Tom Piper's* is as
good as my *Lord Duke's* ; the
only Difference is, *Tom* claps half
an Ounce of Snuff into the Poet's
Hand, and his *Grace* Twenty
Guineas : For, indeed there lies
the Strength of a great Name, and
the greatest Protection an Author
can receive from it.

To please every one, would be
a new Thing ; and to write so as
to please no body, would be as
new : For even QUARLES and
WYTHERS

x The P R E F A C E.

WYTHERS have their Admirers. The Author is not so fond of Fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many ; nor of so mortified a Temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the Multitude of Applauses, but the Good Sense of the Applauders, which establishes a valuable Reputation ; and if a RYMER or a CONGREVE say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the Majority may be to the contrary.

L O N D O N,
Anno 1699.

THE



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

<i>THE Choice</i>	Page 1
<i>Lovetriumphant over Reason.</i>	
<i>A Vision</i>	8
<i>The Fortunate Complaint</i>	30
<i>Strephon's Love for Delia justified, in an Epistle to Celadon</i>	37
<i>An Epistle to Delia</i>	42
<i>A Pastoral Essay on the Death of Queen Mary</i>	38
<i>To his Friend under Affliction</i>	57
<i>To another Friend under Afflic- tion</i>	60
<i>To his Friend inclin'd to marry</i>	64
<i>To a Painter, drawing Dorinda's Picture</i>	65
<i>To</i>	

xii THE CONTENTS.

<i>To the Painter after he had finished Dorinda's Picture</i>	6
<i>Cruelty and Lust. An Epistolary Essay</i>	6
<i>On the Marriage of the Earl A-- with the Countess of S--</i>	8
<i>An Inscription for the Monument of Diana, Countess of Oxford and Elgin</i>	8
<i>The Same attempted in English</i>	8
<i>Upon the Divine Attributes</i>	9
<i>Eleazar's Lamentation</i>	10
<i>A Prospect of Death</i>	11
<i>On the General Conflagration and ensuing Judgment</i>	12
<i>Mr. POMFRET's Remains, vi: Reason, A Satire</i>	
<i>Dies Novissima: Or, The Last Epiphany. A Pindaric Ode</i>	
POEM	



O E M S
O N
Several Occasions.



The CHOICE.

F Heav'n the grateful Liberty would
I [give,
That I might choose my Method how
And all those Hours propitious Fate
lissful Ease and Satisfaction spend ;

E A R some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
uniform, not little, nor too great :
er, if on a rising Ground it stood ;
his Side Fields, on that a neighb'ring Wood.

2 *The CHOICE.*

It should within no other Things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain :
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless Pomp of gaudy Furniture.
A little Garden, grateful to the Eye ;
And a cool Rivulet run murmur'ring by :
On whose delicious Banks a stately Row
Of shady Limes, or Sycamores should grow.
At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd :
Should be with all the noblest Authors grac'd :
HORACE and **VIRGIL**, in whose mighty Lines
Immortal Wit, and solid Learning, shines ;
Sharp JUVENAL, and am'rous **OVID** too,
Who all the Turns of Love's soft Passion knew :
He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,
In which strong Art with stronger Nature joins,
Must grant his Fancy does the best excel ;
His Thoughts so tender, and express'd so well :
With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
Esteem'd for Learning and for Eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my Morning Exercise :
For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than those in pleasing, useful Studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent Estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great :
As much as I could moderately spend ;
A little more, sometimes t'oblige a Friend.

The CHOICE.

3

Nor should the Sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine ;
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my Wants could spare :
For That our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty should my Table spread ;
With healthy, not luxurious, Dishes fed :
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the Stranger, and the neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice and pamp'ring Food
Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood.
But what's sufficient to make Nature strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take ; and as I did possess,
The bounteous *Author* of my Plenty bless.

I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
With the best Wines each Vintage could afford.
Wine whets the Wit, improves its native Force,
And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse :
By making all our Spirits debonair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.
But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends,
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble Ends ;
So, but too oft, the Grape's refreshing Juice,
Does many mischievous Effects produce.
My House should no such rude Disorders know,
As from high Drinking consequently flow ;

B 2

Ner

The CHOICE.

Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the Dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.
 If any Neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with Respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my Retreat, or to himself or me.
 What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reason, give,
 All Men may, with Impunity, receive :
 But the least swerving from their Rule's too much ;
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.

THAT Life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all my Joys refin'd, sincere, and great ;
 I'd choose two Friends, whose Company would be
 A great Advance to my Felicity :
 Well born, of Humours suited to my own,
 Discreet, and Mén, as well as Books have known :
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose Behaviour, or Formality :
 Airy and Prudent ; merry but not light ;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right :
 Secret they shall be, faithful to their Trust ;
 In Reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just :
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave ;
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave :
 Close in Dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd
 By solid Reason, and let That decide :
 Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate ;
 Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State :
 Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to spite ;
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight ;

Loy

The CHOICE.

5

Loyal, and pious, Friends to CÆSAR ; true,
As dying Martyrs, to their MAKER too.
In their Society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial Bliss.

WOULD bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd
(For who would so much Satisfaction lose, [choose
As witty Nymphs, in Conversation, give)
Near some obliging modest Fair to live :
For there's that Sweetness in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find ;
That, by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Spring of Life, and does impart
Fresh vital Heat to the transported Heart.

I'd have her Reason *all* her Passions sway :
Easy in Company, in private gay :
Coy to a Fop, to the deserving free ;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A Soul she should have for great Actions fit ;
Prudence and Wisdom to direct her Wit :
Courage to look bold Danger in the Face ;
No Fear, but only to be proud, or base ;
Quick to advise, by an Emergence preit,
To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :
That shews a Want of Judgment, and of Sense ;
More than enough is but Impertinence.

B 3.

Her

6

The CHOICE.

Her Conduct regular, her Mirth refin'd ;
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind :
Averse to Vanity, Revenge and Pride ;
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd :
So faithful to her Friend, and good to All,
No Censure might upon her Actions fall :
Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of Womankind a stray..

To this fair Creature I'd sometimes retire ;
Her Conversation would new Joys inspire ;
Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care
Would venture to assault my Soul, or dare,
Near my Retreat, to hide one secret Snare.
But so divine, so noble a Repast
Ed seldom, and with Moderation, taste :
For highest Cordials all their Virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a Use ;
And what would cheer the Spirits in Distress,
Ruins our Health, when taken to Excess..

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jars,
Belov'd by All, not vainly popular.
Whate'er Assistance I had Pow'r to bring,
To oblige my Country, or to serve my King,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious Care,
And I would Dens where hungry Lions are,,

The CHOICE.

7

And rather put up Injuries, than be
A Plague to him, who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate :
For what do we by all our Bustle gain,
But counterfeit Delight for real Pain..

If Heav'n a Date of many Years would give,
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some-kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly Care,
Whilst I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd,
Nor have the Evening of my Days perplex'd ;
But by a silent and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, resign my aged Breath.
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears, but friendly, dropt into my Grave.
Then would my Exit so propitious be,
All Men would wish to live and die like me.



L.O.V.E



L O V E

Triumphant over

R E A S O N

A V I S I O N.



THO' gloomy Thoughts disturb'd my anxious Bre
All the long Night, and drove away my Rest
Just as the dawning Day began to rise,
A grateful Slumber clos'd my waking Eyes :
But active Fancy to strange Regions flew,
And brought surprizing Objects to my View.

METHOUGHT I walk'd in a delightful Grove,
The soft Retreat of Gods, when Gods make *Love*.
Each Beauteous Object my charm'd Soul amaz'd,,
And I on each with equal Wonder gaz'd ;
Nor knew which most delighted : All was fine :
The noble Product of some Pow'r Divine.

LOVE Triumphant, &c. 9

as I travers'd the obliging Shade,
ich Myrtle, Jessamin, and Roses, made,
n a Person whose cœlest Face
first declar'd her Goddes of the Place :
I discover'd when approaching near,
Aspect full of Beauty, but severe.
I and Majestick ; every awful Look :
my Soul a secret Horror-struck.
ancing farther on, she made a stand,
beckon'd me ; I; kneeling, kis'd her Hand ;
n thus began----Bright Deity ! (for so
are, no Mortals such Perfections know)
y intrude ; but how I was convey'd
this strange Place, or by what pow'rful Aid,
wholly ignorant ; nor know I more,
where I am, or whom I do adore.
uct me then, that I no longer may
arkness serve the Goddes I obey.

OUTH ! she reply'd, this Place belongs to one,
hom you'll be, and Thousands are undone.
e pleasant Walks, and all these stately Bow'rs,
in the government of dang'rous Pow'rs.
s the capricious Master of this Coast ;
fatal Labyrinth, where Fools are lost.
ell not here amidst these gaudy Things,
e short enjoyment no true Pleasure brings ;
ave an Empire of a nobler kind :
egal Seat's in the cœlest Mind ;

Where

10 LOVE *Triumphant*

Where with a godlike and a peaceful Hand,
I rule and make those happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within's at Rest ;
No stormy Passion revels in my Breast :
But when my Pow'r is despicable grown,
And rebel Appetites usurp the Throne,
The Soul no longer quiet Thoughts enjoys ;
But all is Tumult, and eternal Noise.
Know, Youth ! I'm REASON, which you've oft despis'd
I am that REASON, which you never priz'd :
And tho' my Argument successless prove,
(For REASON seems Imperinence in Love.)
Yet I'll not see my charge (for all Mankind
Are to my Guardianship by Heav'n assign'd)
Into the Grasp of any Ruin run,
That I can warn 'em of, and they may shun.
Fly, Youth, these Guilty-Shades ; retreat in Time,
Ere your Mistake's converted to a Crime :
For Ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the Error and the Fault is known.
You thought, perhaps, (as giddy Youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that shines,)
In these Retirements freely to possess
True Joy, and strong substantial Happiness :
But here gay FOLLY keeps her Court, and here,
In Crowds, her tributary Fops appear ;
Who blindly lavish of their golden Days,
Consume them all in her fallacious Ways.
Pert LOVE with her, by joint Commission, rules
In this capacious Realm of idle Fools :

over REASON.

II

Who by false Arts, and popular Deceits,
The careless, fond, unthinking Mortal cheats.
Tis easy to descend into the Snare,
By the pernicious Conduct of the Fair ;
But safely to return from this Abode,
Requires the Wit, the Prudence of a God :
Tho' you, who have not tasted that Delight,
Which only at a Distance charms your Sight,
May with a little Toil, retrieve your Heart :
Which lost is subject to eternal Smart.
Bright DELIA's Beauty, I must needs confess,
Is truly great ; nor would I make it less :
That were to wrong her, where she merits most ;
But Dragons guard the Fruit, and Rocks the Coast.
And who would run, that's moderately wise,
A certain Danger, for a doubtful Prize ?
If you miscarry, you are lost so far ;
(For there's no erring twice in *Love* and *War*)
You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
Those Chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
DELIA has charms, I own ; such Charms would move
Old Age, and frozen Impotence to, *Love* :
But do not venture, where such Danger lies ;
Avoid the sight of those victorious Eyes,
Whose pois'nous Rays do to the Soul impart
Delicious Ruin, and a pleasing Smart.
You draw, insensibly, Destruction near ;
And love the Danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light Pains you labour under now,
Destroy your Ease and make your Spirits bow,

You'll

You'll find 'em much more grievous to be born,
When heavier made by an imperious Scorn :
Nor can you hope, she will your Passion hear
With softer Notions, or a kinder Ear,
Than those of other Swains ; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the Wound.
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive ;
The short-liv'd Pleasure would so quickly cloy,
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble Joy,
You'd have but small Encouragement to boast
The Tinsel Rapture worth the Pains it cost.
Consider STREPHON, soberly of Things,
What strange Inquietudes LOVE always brings ?
The foolish Fears, vain Hopes, and Jealousies,
Which still attend upon this fond Disease :
How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine ;
Call ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Look, Divine :
Command each Sentence with an humble Smile :
Tho' Nonsense, swear it is an heav'nly Style :
Servilely rail at all she disapproves ;
And as ignobly flatter all she loves :
Renounce your very Sense, and silent fit,
While she puts off Impertinence for Wit :
Like Setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing Game,
You must be made, by due Correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauseous Rule
Of Woman, do ; love on, and be a Fool.
You know the Danger, your own Methods use ;
The Good or Evil's in your Pow'r to choose :

But

But who'd expect a short and dubious Bliss
 On the Declining of a Precipice ;
 Where, if he slips, not Fate itself can save
 The falling Wretch from an untimely Grave ?

THOU great Distress of our Mind, said I,
 We safely on your Dictates may rely ;
 And that which you have now so kindly prest,
 Is, true, and without Contradiction, best :
 But with a steady Sentence to controul
 The Heat and Vigour of a youthful Soul,
 While gay Temptations hover in our Sight,
 And daily bring new Objects of Delight,
 Which on us with surprizing Beauty smile,
 Is Difficult ; but is a noble Toil.
 The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;
 He's more than Mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
 And tho' fair DELIA has my Soul possest,
 I'll chase her bright Idea from my Breast :
 At least, I'll make one Essay. If I fail,
 And DELIA's Charms o'er REASON does prevail,
 I may be, sure, from rigid Censure free,
 LOVE was my Foe ; and LOVE's a Deity.

THEN she rejoin'd ; May you successful prove,
 In your Attempt to curb impetuous LOVE ;
 Then will proud Passion own her rightful Lord,
 You to yourself, I to my Throne restor'd :
 But to confirm your Courage, and inspire
 Your Resolutions with a bolder Fire,

Follow me, Youth! I'll shew you that shall move
Your Soul to curse the Tyranny of Love.

THEN she convey'd me to a dismal Shade,
Which melancholy Yew and Cypres made ;
Where I beheld an antiquated Pile
Of rugged Building in a narrow Isle ;
The Water round it gave a nauseous Smell,
Like Vapours steeming from a sulph'rous Cell.
The ruin'd Wall, compos'd of stinking Mud,
O'er-grown with Hemlock, on Supporters stood ;
As did the Roof, ungrateful to the View :
'Twas both an Hospital, and Bedlam too.
Before the Entrance, mould'ring Bones were spread,
Some Skeletons entire, some lately dead ;
A little Rubbish, loosely scatter'd o'er
Their Bodies uninterr'd, lay round the Door.
No Fun'rаль Rites to any here were paid ;
But dead like Dogs into the Dust convey'd.
From hence, by REASON's Conduct, I was brought,
Thro' various Turnings to a spacious Vault ;
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful Sight,
Vast Crowds of Wretches all debarr'd from Light,
But what a few dim Lamps, expiring, had ;
Which made the Prospect more amazing sad.
Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad :
Some swearing loud, and others laughing : Some
Were always talking ; others always dumb.
Here one, a Dagger in his Breast, expires,
And quenches with his Blood his am'rous Fires :

These

There hangs a second ; and not far remov'd,
 A third lies poison'd, who false CELIA lov'd.
 All Sorts of Madnes, ev'ry Kind of Death,
 By which unhappy Mortals lose their Breath,
 Were here expos'd before my wand'ring Eyes,
 The sad Effects of Female Treacheries :
 Others I saw who were not quite bereft
 Of Sense, tho' very small remains were left,
 cursing the fatal Folly of their Youth,
 'or trusting to perjurious Woman's Truth.
 These on the Left.—Upon the Right a View
 Of equal Horror, equal Mis'ry too ;
 Amazing, all employ'd my troubled Thought,
 And with new Wonder, new Aversion brought.
 There I beheld a wretched, num'rous Throng
 Of pale, lean Mortals ; some lay stretch'd along,
 On Beds of Straw, disconsolate and poor ;
 Others extended naked on the Floor ;
 Exil'd from human Pity, here they lie,
 And know no End of Mis'ry till they die.
 But Death, which comes in gay and prosp'rous Days
 Too soon, in Time of Misery delays.

THESE dreadful Spectacles had so much Pow'r,
 I vow'd, and solemnly to *love* no more :
 For sure that Flame is kindled from below,
 Which breeds such sad Variety of Woe.

THEN we descended, by some few Degrees,
 From this stupendous Scene of Miseries ;

Bold REASON brought me to another Cave,
Dark as the inmost Chambers of the Grave.
Here, Youth, she cry'd, in the acuteſt Pain
Those Villains lie who have their Fathers slain,
Stabb'd their own Brothers, nay, their Friends, to pl
Ambitious, proud, revengeful, Mistresses ;
Who, after all their Services, preferr'd
Some rugged Fellow of the brawny Herd
Before thoſe Wretches ; who, despairing, dwelt
In Agonies no human Tongue can tell.
Darkneſs prevents the too amazing Sight ;
And you may bleſs the happy Want of Light.
But my tormented Ears were fill'd with Sighs,
Expiring Groans, and lamentable Cries,
So very ſad, I could endure no more ;
Methought I felt the Miseries they bore.

THEN to my Guide ſaid I, For Pity, now
Conduct me back ; here I confirm my Vow.
Which if I dare infringe, be this my Fate ;
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The Charms of Beauty I'll no more pursue :
DELIA, farewell, farewell for ever too.

THEN we return'd to the delightful Grove ;
Where REASON ſill diſſuaded me from LOVE.
You ſee, ſhe cry'd, what Misery attends
On LOVE, and where too frequently it ends ;
And let not that unweildy Paſſion ſway
Your Soul, which none but whining Foels obey.

masculine, brave Spirit scorns to own
 proud Usurper of my sacred Throne ;
 with idolatrous Devotion, pays
 e false God or Sacrifice or Praise.
 iyren's Music charms the Sailor's Ear ;
 e is ruin'd, if he stops to hear :
 if you listen, Love's harmonious Voice
 ich delights, as certainly destroys.
 sia mix'd with *Aconite* may have
 ifant Taste, but sends you to the Grave :
 o' the latent Poison may be still
 le, it very seldom fails to kill.
 ho'd partake the Food of Gods, to die
 n a Day, or live in Mifery ?
 d eat with Emperors, if o'er his Head
 iard hung but by a single Thread ?*
 's Banquets are extravagantly sweet,
 either kill, or surfeit, all that eat ;
 when the fated Appetite is tir'd,
 oath the Thoughts of what they once admir'd.
 e promis'd, STREPTHON, to forsake the Charms
 LIA, tho' she courts you to her Arms :
 ure I may your Resolution trust ;
 never want Temptation, but be just.
 of this Nature, Youth, must not be broke ;
 always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle Yoke.

* The Feast of DEMOCLES.

Would Men be wise, and my Advice pursue,
Love's Conquests would be small, his Triumphs fe
For nothing can oppose his Tyranny,
With such a Prospect of Success as I:
Me he detests, and from my Presence flies,
Who know his Arts, and Stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's Rules,
To make himself the Deity of Fools :
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve ;
Some while they're Sots and others while they starve
For those who under his wild Conduct go,
Either come Coxcombs, or he makes 'em so,
His Charms deprive, by their strange Influence,
The Brave of Courage, and the Wise of Sense :
In vain Philosophy would set the Mind
At Liberty, if once by him confin'd :
The Scholar's Learning, and the Poet's Wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit :
Well weigh'd Results, and wise Conclusions, seem.
But empty Chat, Impertinence, to him :
His Opiates seize so strongly on the Brain,
They make all prudent Application vain.
If, therefore, you resolve to live at Ease,
To taste the Sweetnes of internal Peace ;
Would not for Safety to a Battle fly,
Or choose a Shipwreck, if afraid to die ;
Far from these pleasurable Shades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious Toil of Love..

THIS said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
Myself transported to a rising Ground ;
From whence I did a pleasant Vale survey ;
Large was the Prospect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' Apartments of Delight,
Whose curious Forms oblig'd the wond'ring Sight.
Some in full View upon the Champain plac'd,
With lofty Walls and cooling Streams embrac'd :
Others, in shady Groves, retir'd from Noise,
The Seat of private and exalted Joys.
At a great Distance, I perceiv'd there stood
A stately Building in a spacious Wood,
Whose gilded Turrets rais'd their beauteous Heads
High in the Air, to view the neighb'ring Meads ;
Where vulgar Lovers spend their happy Days
In rustic Dancing, and delightful Plays.
But while I gaz'd with Admiration round,
I heard from far coelestial Music sound :
So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
The artful, charming Notes did rise and fall ;
My Soul, transported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the Pressures of its former Fears :
I felt afresh the little God begin
To stir himself, and gently move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd, no more
To love, or DELIA's beauteous Eyes adore:
Why am I now condemn'd to Banishment,
And made an Exile, by my own Consent ?

L sighing

I sighing cry'd, Why, should I live in Pain
 Those fleeting Hours, which ne'er return again ?
 O DELIA ! what can wretched STREPHON do !
 Inhuman to himself, and false to you !
 'Tis true, I've promis'd REASON, to remove
 From these Retreats, and quit bright DELIA's Love
 But is not REASON partially unkind ?
 Are all her Votaries, like me, confin'd ?
 Must none, that under her Dominion live,
 To Love, and Beauty, Veneration give ?
 Why then did Nature youthful DELIA grace
 With a majestick Mien, and charming Face ?
 Why did she give her that surprising Air ;
 Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair ;
 Mistress of all that can Affection move ;
 If REASON will not suffer us to love ?
 But since it must be so, I'll haste away ;
 'Tis fatal to return, and Death to stay.
 From you blest Shades (if I may call you so
 Inculpable) with mighty Pain, I go :
 Compell'd from hence, I leave my Quiet here ;
 I may find Safety, but I buy it dear.

THEN turning round, I saw a beauteous Boy,
 Such as of old were Messengers of Joy :
 Who art thou, or from whence ? If sent, said I,
 To me, my Haste requires a quick Reply.

* I COME, he cry'd, from yon cœlestial Grove,
 Where stands the Temple of the God of Love ;

Wi

whose important Favour you are grac'd,
justly, in his high Protection plac'd :
iteful, STREPHON, and obey that God,
Scepter ne'er is chang'd into a Rod :
God, to whom the Haughty, and the Proud,
bold, the Bravest, nay, the Best, have bow'd :
God, whom all the lesser Gods adore ;
n Existence, and the first in Pow'r.
him I come, on Embassy Divine,
I thee, DELIA, DELIA may be thine ;
om all Beauties rightful Tribute pay :
t, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
dare push your Fortune, if you dare
: resolv'd, and press the yielding Fair,
s and Glory will your Labours crown ;
ite does rarely on the Valiant frown.
ere you fure to be unkindly us'd,
receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd ;
ater Glory, and more Fame obtains,
oses DELIA, than who PHYLLIS gains.
> prevent all Fears that may arise,
Fears ne'er move the daring and the Wise),
dark Volumes of eternal Doom,
all things past, and present, and to come,
rit, I saw these Words-----*It is decreed,*
STREPHON's Love to DELIA shall succeed.
would you more ? While Youth and Vigour last,
and be happy ; they decline too fast.
ith alone you're capable to prove
ighty Transports of a gen'rous *Love* :

For

For dull Old Age, with fumbling Labour cloys
 Before the Bliss, or gives but wither'd Joys.
 Youth's the best Time for Action Mortals have :
 That past, they touch the Confines of the Grave.
 Now, if you hope to lie in DELIA's Arms,
 To die in Raptures, or dissolve in Charms,
 Quick to the blissful, happy Mansion fly,
 Where all is one continu'd Extasy.
 DELIA impatiently expects you there :
 And sure you will not disappoint the Fair..
 None but the Impotent, or Old, would stay,
 When LOVE invites, and Beauty calls away.

OH ! you convey, said I, dear charming Boy,
 Into my Soul a strange, disorder'd Joy.
 I would, but dare not, your Advice pursue ;
 I've promis'd REASON, and I must be true ;
 REASON's the rightful Empress of the Soul,
 Does all exorbitant Desires controul ;
 Checks ev'ry wild Excursion of the Mind,
 By her wise Dictates happily confin'd :
 And he that will not her Commands obey,
 Leaves a safe Convoy in a dang'rous Sea.
 True, I love DELIA to a vast Excess,
 But I must try to make my Passion less :
 Try, if I can, if possible, I will ;
 For I have vow'd, and must that Vow fulfil..
 Oh ! had I not, with what a vig'rous Flight
 Could I pursue the Quarries of Delight !

could I press fair DELIA in these Arms,
[dissolv'd in *Love*, and she in Charms !
Now no more must I her Beauties view ;
remble at the Thought to leave her too.
I would I give, I might my Flame allow !
This forbid by REASON, and a Vow ;
mighty Obstacles : Tho' Love of old,
broke thro' greater, stronger Pow'rs controul'd.
Id I offend, by high Example taught,
ould not be an inexpiable Fault,
Crimes of Malice have found Grace above ;
sure kind Heav'n will spare the Crimes of *Love* ;
I'ft thou, my Angel, but instruct me, how
ht be happy, and not break my Vow ;
By some subtil Art, dissolve the Chain ;
I soon revive my dying Hopes again.
REASON and LOVE, I know could ne'er agree ;
would command, and both superior be.
REASON's supported by the sin'wy Force
Id Argument, and wise Discourse :
LOVE pretends to use no other Arms,
soft Impressions, and persuasive Charms.
must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove
bel to my REASON, or to LOVE ?
Then, suppose I should my Flame pursue,
A may be unkind, and faithless too ;
t my Passion, with a proud Disdain,
Scorn the *Love* of such an humble Swain :
Should I labour under mighty Grief,
Id all Hopes, or Prospect of Relief.

So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey
 Right REASON, tho' she bears a rugged Sway,
 Than LOVE's soft Rule ; whose Subjects undergo
 Early or late too sad a Share of Woe.
 Can I so soon forget that wretched Crew,
 REASON just now expos'd before my View ?
 If DELIA should be cruel, I must be
 A sad Partaker of their Misery.
 But your Encouragements, so strongly move,
 I'm almost tempted to pursue my Love :
 For sure, no treacherous Designs should dwell
 In one that argues and persuades so well ;
 For, what could LOVE by my Destruction gain ?
 LOVE's an immortal God, and I a Swain :
 And sure I may without Suspicion, trust
 A God ; for Gods can never be unjust.

RIGHT you conclude, reply'd the smiling Boy :
 LOVE ruins none ; 'tis Men themselves destroy :
 And those vile Wretches which you lately saw,
 Transgres'd his Rules, as well as REASON's Law.
 They're not LOVE's Subjects, but the Slaves of Lust ;
 Nor is their Punishment so great as just.
 For LOVE and Lust essentially divide,
 Like Day and Night, Humility and Pride :
 One Darkness hides, t'other does always shine ;
 This of infernal Make, and that Divine.
 REASON no gen'rous Passion does oppose ;
 'Tis Lust, (not LOVE) and REASON that are Foes.

bids you scorn a base, inglorious Flame,
as the gloomy Shade from whence it came :
is her Precepts should Obedience find ;
yours is not of that ignoble Kind.
err, in thinking she would disapprove
brave Pursuit of honourable Love :
therefore judge what's harmless, an Offence ;
t her Meaning, and mistake her Sense.
could not such insipid Counsel give,
ot to love at all ; 'tis not to live ;
where bright Virtue and true Beauty lies,
that in DELIA, charming DELIA's Eyes.
d you, contented, see th' angelic Maid
d ALEXIS' dull Embraces laid ?
ough-hewn TITYRS possess those Charms,
th are in Heav'n, the Heav'n of DELIA's Arms.
ider, Youth, what Transport you forego,
most entire Felicity below ;
h is by Fate alone reserv'd for you :
uchs have been deny'd ; for Monarchs sue.
, 'tis difficult to gain the Prize ;
would be cheap, and low in noble Eyes :
here is one soft Minute, when the Mind
unguarded, waiting to be kind ;
h the wise Lover understanding right,
in like Day upon the Wings of Light.
urge your Vow, but can those Vows prevail,
first Foundation and whose Reason fail ?
ow'd to leave fair DELIA ; but you thought
Passion was a Crime, your Flame a Fault.

But since your Judgment err'd, it has no Force
 To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of Course ;
 And therefore hesitate no longer here,
 But banish all the dull Remains of Fear.
 Dare you be happy, Youth ? But dare, and be ;
 I'll be your Convoy to the charming She.
 What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?
 View her, and then forsake her, if you will.

I'LL go, said I ; once more I'll venture all ;
 'Tis brave to perish by a noble Fall,
 Beauty no Mortal can resist ; and Jove
 Laid by his Grandeur, to indulge his Love.
 REASON, if I do err, my Crime forgive :
 Angels alone without offending live.
 I go astray, but as the Wife have done ;
 And act a Folly, which they did not shun.

THEN we, descending to a spacious Plain,
 Were soon saluted by a num'rous Train
 Of happy Lovers, who consum'd their Hours,
 With constant Jollity, in shady Bow'rs.
 There I beheld the blest Variety
 Of Joy, from all corroding Troubles free :
 Each follow'd his own Fancy to Delight ;
 Tho' all went diff'rent Ways, yet all went right.
 None err'd, or miss'd the Happiness he sought ;
 Love to one Centre ev'ry Twining brought.
 We pass'd thro' num'rous pleasant Fields and Glades,
 By murmur'ring Fountains, and by peaceful Shades ;

Till,

we approach'd the Confines of the Wood,
e mighty Love's immortal Temple stood.
d the celestial Fane, in goodly Rows,
beauteous Order, am'rous Myrtle grows ;
ith whose Shade expecting Lovers wait
he kind Minute of indulgent Fate :
had his Guardian CUPID, whose chief Care,
cret Motions, was to warm the Fair ;
indle eager Longings for the Joy ;
love the Glow, and to incline the Coy.

12 glorious Fabric charm'd my wond'ring Sight ;
st Extent, and of prodigious Height :
Case was Marble, but the polish'd Stone,
such an admirable Lustre shone,
some Architect Divine had strove
tto the Palace of imperial Jov'r.
pond'rous Gates of massy Gold were made,
Di'monds of a mighty Size inlaid.
stood the winged Guards, in Order plac'd,
shining Darts and golden Quivers grac'd :
e approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful Wings,
cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling Strings ;
grateful Youth is come to sacrifice
ELIA's Altar to bright DELIA's Eyes :
Harmony divine his Soul inspire,
he may boldly touch the sacred Fire.
ye that wait upon the blushing Fair,
stial Incense and Perfumes prepare ;

28 LOVE *Triumphant*

While our great God her panting Bosom warms,
Refines her Beauties, and improves her Charms.

ENT'RING the spacious Dome, my ravish'd Eyes
A wond'rous Scene of Glory did surprise :
The Riches, Symmetry, and Brightness, all
Did equally for Admiration call ;
But the Description is a Labour fit
For none beneath a Laureat Angel's Wit.

AMIDST the Temple was an Altar made
Of solid Gold, where Adoration's paid.
Here I perform'd the usual Rites with Fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near ;
Till from the God a smiling CUPID came,
And bid me touch the consecrated Flame :
Which done, my Guide my eager Steps convey'd
To the Apartment of the beauteous Maid.

BEFORE the Entrance was her Altar rais'd,
On Pedestals of polish'd Marble plac'd,
By it her Guardian CUPID always stands,
Who Troops of missionary *Loves* commands :
To him, with soft Addresses all repair :
Each for his Captive humbly begs the Fair :
Tho' still in vain they importun'd ; for he
Would give Encouragement to none but me.
There stands the Youth, he cry'd, must take the Bli
The lovely DELIA can be none but his :

Fate has selected him ; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.

Then press no more ; there's not another Swain
On Earth, but STREPHON, can bright DELIA gain.
Kneel, Youth, and with a grateful Mind renew
Your Vows ; swear you'll eternally be true.

But, if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
You'll find, in sure Revenge, affronted Love
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.

Hear me, ye Gods, said I, now hear me swear,
By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair !
If I prove false to DELIA, let me fall
The common Obloquy, condemn'd by all !
Let me the utmost of your Vengeance try ;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die !

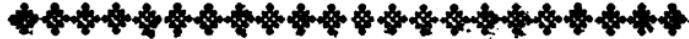
THEN he expos'd the lovely sleeping Maid,
Upon a Couch of new-blown Roses laid.
The blushing Colour in her Cheeks express'd,
What tender Thoughts inspir'd her heaving Breast.
Sometimes a Sigh, half smother'd stole away ;
Then she would STREPHON, charming STREPHON, say ;
Sometimes, she, smiling, cry'd, You love, 'tis true ;
But will you always, and be faithful too ?
Ten thousand Graces play'd about her Face ;
Ten thousand Charms attending ev'ry Grace ;
Each admirable Feature did impart
A secret Rapture to my throbbing Heart.

30 *The Fortunate Complaint.*

The Nymph * imprison'd in the brazen Tow'r,
When Jove descended in a Golden Show'r,
Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her Eyes
Brought down that God from the neglected Skies.
So moving, so transporting was the Sight ;
So much a Goddess DELIA seem'd, so bright ;
My ravish'd Soul, with secret Wonder fraught,
Lay all dissolv'd in Extasy of Thought.

LONG time I gaz'd ; but, as I trembling drew
Nearer, to make a more obliging View,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful Noise
Wak'd me, and put an End to all my Joys.

* DANAE.



The FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

A S STREPHON in a wither'd Cypress Shade,
For anxious Thought and sighing Lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched State,
And the hard Usage of too partial Fate ;
Thus the sad Youth complain'd : Once happy Swain,
Now the most abject Shepherd of the Plain !
Where's that harmonious Concert of Delights,
Those peaceful Days, and pleasurable Nights,
That gen'rous Mirth and noble Jollity,
Which gaily made the dancing Minutes flee ?

Dispers'd,

The Fortunate Complaint. 31

Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled Breast ;
Nor leave me one short Interval of Rest.

WHY do I prosecute a hopeless Flame,
And play in Torment such a loosing Game :
All Things conspire to make my Ruin sure :
When Wounds are mortal, they admit no Cure.
But Heav'n sometimes does a mirac'lous Thing,
When our last Hope is just upon the Wing ;
And in a Moment drives those Clouds away,
Whose sullen Darknes hid a glorious Day.

WHY was I born, or why do I survive ;
To be made wretched only, kept alive ?
Fate is too cruel in the harsh Decree,
That I must live, yet live in Misery.
Are all its pleasing happy Moments gone ?
Must STREPHON be unfortunate alone ?
On other Swains it lavishly bestows ;
On them each, Nymph, neglected Favour throws :
They meet Compliance still in every Face,
And lodge their Passions in a kind Embrace ;
Obtaining from the soft, incurious Maid.
True Love for Counterfeit, and Gold for Lead.
Success on MÆVIUS always does attend ;
Inconstant Fortune is his constant Friend ;
He levels blindly, yet the Mark does hit :
And owes the Victory to Chance, not Wit.
But, let him conquer ere one Blow be struck,
I'd not be MÆVIUS to have MÆVIUS' Luck.

Proud

32 *The Fortunate Complaint*

Proud of my Fate, I would not change my Chains
For all the Trophies purring MÆVIUS gains ;
But rather still live DELIA's Slave than be
Like MÆVIUS silly, and like MÆVIUS free.
But he is happy ; loves the common Road ;
And, Pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his Load.
If PHYLLIS peevish or unkind does prove,
It ne'er disturbs his grave, mechanic Love:
A little Joy his languid Flame contents,
And makes him easy under all Events.
But when a Paffion's noble and sublime,
And higher still would ev'ry Moment climb ;
If 'tis accepted with a just Return,
The Fire's immortal, will for ever burn ;
And with such Raptures fills the Lover's Breast,
That Saints in Paradise are scarce more blest.

BUT I lament my Miseries in vain ;
For DELIA hears me, pitiless, complain.
Suppose she pities, and believes me true ;
What Satisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unless her Pity makes her love me too ?
Perhaps she loves ('tis but perhaps ; I fear ;
For that's a Bleffing can't be bought too dear)
If she has Scruples that oppose her Will,
I must alas ! be miserable still.
Tho', if she loves those Scruples soon will fly
Before the Reas'ning of the Deity :
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And suffer no Copartner in his Throne ;

The Fortunate Complaint. 33

And those false Arguments, that would repel
His high Injustices, teach us to rebel.

WHAT Method can poor STREPHON then propound,
To cure the Bleeding of his fatal Wound;
If she, who guided the vexatious Dart,
Resolves to cherish and increase the Smart?
Go, Youth, from these unhappy Plains remove,
Leave the Pursuit of unsuccessful Love:
Go, and to foreign Swains thy Griefs relate;
Tell 'em the Cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell 'em the noble Charms of DELIA's Mind;
Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how unkind.
And when few Years thou hast in Sorrow spent,
(For sure they cannot be of large Extent)
In Pray'rs for her thou lov'st, resign thy Breath,
And bless the Minute gives thee Ease and Death.

HERE paus'd the Swain--When DELIA, driving by
Her bleating Flock to some fresh Pasture nigh,
By Love directed, did her Steps convey
Where STREPHON, wrapp'd in silent Sorrow, lay.
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous Maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said:

WHEN humble Suplicants would the Gods appease,
And in severe Afflictions beg for Ease,
With constant Importunity they sue,
And their Petitions ev'ry Day renew;

34 *The Fortunate Complaint*

Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
Nor one well weigh'd Expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heav'n those Blessings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives 'em more.

O, do not blame me, DELIA ! if I press
So much, and with Impatience, for Redress.
My pond'rous Griefs no Ease my Soul allow ;
For they are next t'intolerable now :
How shall I then support 'em, when they grow
To an Excess, to a distracting Woe ?
Since you're endow'd with a coelestial Mind,
Relieve like Heav'n, and, like the Gods, be kind.
Did you perceive the Torments I endure,
Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your Virgin Soul to Pity move ;
And Pity may at last be chang'd to Love.
Some Swains, I own, impose upon the Fair,
And lead th' incautious Maid into a Snare ;
But let them suffer for their Perjury,
And do not punish others Crimes with me.
If there's so many of our Sex untrue,
Yours should more kindly use the faithful Few ;
Tho' Innocence, too oft incurs the Fate
Of Guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.

YOUR Nature is to Tenderness inclin'd ;
And why to me, to me alone, unkind ?
A common Love, by other Persons shewn,
Meets with a full Return ; but mine has none :

The Fortunate Complaint. 35

Say, scarce believ'd ; tho' from Deceit as free
As Angels Flames can for Archangels be.
Passion feign'd, at no Repulse is griev'd :
Ind values little if it ben't receiv'd :
But, Love sincere resents the smalleſt Scorn,
Ind the Unkindness does in ſecret mourn.

SOMETIMES I please myself, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by Despair :
That Tenderness, which in your Soul is plac'd,
Will move you to Compassion ſure at laſt,
But when I come to take a ſecond View
Of my own Merits, I despoad of you :
Or what can DELIA, beauteous DELIA, ſee,
To raife in her the leaſt Esteem for me :
There nought that can encourage my Address ;
By Fortune's little, and my Worth is leſs :
But, if a Love of the ſublimeſt Kind
Can make Impreſſion on a gen'rous Mind :
All has real Value that's Divine ;
There cannot be a nobler Flame than mine,

PERHAPS you pity me : I know you muſt,
And my Affection can no more diſtruct :
But what, alas ! will helpleſs Pity do ?
You pity, but you may diſpife me too,
Will I am wretched, if no more you give,
The ſtarving Orphan can't on Pity live :
He muſt receive the Food for which he cries,
Or he conſumes ; and, tho' much pity'd, dies.

My

36 *The Fortunate Complaint.*

My Torments still do with my Passion grow ;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the Pressures of so vast a Pain.
My Wound requires some speedy Remedy :
Delays are fatal, when Despair is nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell ;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
When will the End of all my Sorrows be ?
Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me.
But if I must new Miseries sustain,
And be condemn'd to more and stronger Pain ;
I'll not accuse You, since my Fate is such,
I please too little, and I love too much.

STREPHON, no more, the blushing DELIA said ;
Excuse the Conduct of a tim'rous Maid ;
Now I'm convinc'd your Love's sublime and true,
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
Each kind Expression, ev'ry tender Thought,
A mighty Transport in my Bosom wrought :
And tho' in secret I your Flame approv'd,
I figh'd and griev'd ; but durst not own I lov'd,
Tho' now---O STREPHON ! be so kind to guess,
What Shame will not allow me to confess.

THE Youth, encompass'd with a Joy so bright,
Had hardly Strength to bear the vast Delight.

Strephon's *Love for Delia*, &c. 37

By too sublime an Extasy posseſt,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his Breast :
Ador'd the Nymph that did his Pain remove ;
Vow'd endless Truth, and everlasting *Love*.



STREPHON's *Love for DELIA* justified. *In an Epistle to CELADON,*

A LL Men have Follies which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark Turnings of a dubious Maze.
But happy thoſe, who, by a prudent Care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious Snare.

THE eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same Failure you condemn in me :
They lov'd ; and, by that glorious Passion led,
Forgot what PLATO and themſelves had ſaid.
Love triumph'd o'er thoſe dull, pedantick Rules,
They had collected from the wrangling Schools ;
And made 'em to his noble Sway submit,
In spite of all their Learning, Art, and Wit :
Their grave, starch'd Morals then unuseful prov'd :
These dusty Characters he ſoon remov'd ;
For, when his shining Squadrons came in View,
Their boasted *Reason* murmur'd, and withdrew ;
Unable to oppose their mighty Force
With flegmatick Resolves and dry Discourse.

38 Strephon's *Love for Delia*, &

IF, as the wisest of the Wise have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard ;
My Faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid Censor than a Friend.
Love is the Monarch Passion of the Mind ;
Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd ;
But triumphs still, impatient of Controul,
O'er all the proud Endowments of the Soul.

You own'd my *DELLA*, *Friend*, divinely fair,
When in the Bud her native Beauties were :
Your Praise did then her early Charms confess,
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less.
You but the Nonage of her Beauty saw ;
But might from thence sublime Ideas draw ;
And what she is, by what she was, conclude :
For now she governs those she then subdu'd.

HER Aspect noble and mature is grown,
And ev'ry Charm in its full Vigour known.
There we may wond'ring view, distinctly writ,
The Lines of Goodness, and the Marks of Wit :
Each Feature, emulous of pleasing most,
Does, justly, some peculiar Sweetness boast ;
And her Composure's of so fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

WHEN the immortal Beauties of the Skies
Contended naked for the golden Prize,

In an Epistle to Celadon. 39

The Apple had not fall'n to VENUS' Share,
Had I been PARIS, and my DELIA there :
In whom alone we all their Graces find ;
The moving Gaiety of VENUS, join'd
With JUNO's Aspect, and MINERVA's Mind.

{

VIEW but those Nymphs whom other Swains adore,
You'll value charming DELIA still the more.
DORINDA's Men's majestick ; but her Mind
Is to Revenge and Peevishness inclin'd :
MYRTYLLA's fair : and yet MYRTYLLA's proud :
CHLOE has Wit ; but noisy, vain, and loud :
MELANIA deats upon the silly't Things ;
And yet MELANIA like an Angel sings.
But, in my DELIA, all Endowments meet ;
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet ;
All that can Praise and Admiration move ;
All that the Wifeliest and the Bravest love.

IN all Discourse she's apposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say :
For, if the Subject's of a serious Kind,
Her Thoughts are manly, and her Sense refin'd :
But if divertive, her Expressions fit ;
Good Language, join'd with inoffensive Wit :
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle Thought the Charity of Words.

THE Vices common to her Sex can find
No Room, e'en in the Suburbs of her Mind :

40 Strophon's *Love for Delia*, &c.

Concluding wisely, she's in Danger still,
From the mere Neighb'rhood of industrious Ill ;
Therefore at Distance keeps the subtil Foe,
Whose near Approach would formidable grow ;
While the unwary Virgin is undone,
And meets the Mis'ry which she ought to shun.

HER Wit is penetrating, clear, and gay :
But lets true Judgment and right Reason sway :
Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend :
Prompt in Replies, but cautious to offend.
Her Darts are keen, but levell'd with such Care,
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far :
For when she rallies, 'tis with so much Art,
We blush with Pleasure, and with Rapture smart.

O, CELADON ! you would my Flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk, and talk of *Love*.
That tender Passion to her Fancy brings
The prettiest Notions, and the softest Things ;
Which are by her so movingly express'd,
They fill with Extasy my throbbing Breast.
'Tis then the Charms of Eloquence impart
Their native Glories unimprov'd by Art :
By what she says I measure Things above,
And guess the Language of Seraphic Love.

To the cool Bosom of a peaceful Shade,
By some wild Beech or lofty Poplar made,

Whe

i an Epistle to Celadon. 41

Ev'ning comes, we secretly repair
at home in private, and unbend our Care :
while our Flocks in fruitful Pastures feed,
we design'd, instructive Poems read ;
useful Morals, with soft Numbers join'd,
we delight and cultivate the Mind :
are by her to more Perfection brought,
Remarks upon the Poet's Thought,
she knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
nptly Sounds of Words from solid Sense ;
orid Fustian of a rhyming Spark,
random Arrow ne'er comes near the Mark,
on her Judgment be impos'd and pass
ndard Gold, when 'tis but gilded Brass.
the Walks of an adjacent Grove,
first we mutually engag'd to love ;
iling ask'd me, Whether I'd prefer
mble Cottage on the Plains with her,
the pompous Building of the Great ;
nd Content in that inferior State ?
, The Question you propose to me,
ps a Matter of Debate might be,
the Degrees of my Affection less
burning Martyrs to the Gods express.
I've all I can desire below,
Earth can give me, or the Gods bestow ;
blest with You, I know not where to find
nd Choice ; You take up all my Mind,
t forsake that dear, delightful Plain,
e charming DELIA, Love and DELIA reign,

42 *An Epistle to DELIA.*

For all the Splendor that a Court can give,
Where gaudy Fools and busy Statesmen live.
Tho' youthful PARIS, when his Birth was known,
(Too fatally related to a Throne)
Forsook OENONE and his rural Sports,
For dang'rous Greatness, and tumult'ous Courts ;
Yet Fate should still offer its Pow'r in vain :
For what is Pow'r to such an humble Swain ?
I would not leave my DELIA, leave my Fair,
Tho' half the Globe should be assign'd my Share.

AND would you have me, *Friend*, reflect again?
Become the basest and the worst of Men?
O, do not urge me, CELADON, furbear?
I cannot leave her : She's too charming fair!
Should I your Counsel in this Case pursue,
You might suspect me for a Villain too :
For sure that perjur'd Wretch can never prove
Just to his *Friend*, who's faithless to his Love.

An Epistle to DELIA.

AS those who hope hereafter Heav'n to share,
A rig'rous Exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected Spirits, undergo
The sad Variety of Pain below ;
Yet, with intense Reflections, antedate
The mighty Raptures of a future State ;
While the bright Prospect of approaching Joy
Creates a Bliss no Trouble can destroy ; Se.

An Epistle to DELIA. 43

tho' I'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's Hand,
n to the Confines of my native Land ;
here I can hear the stormy Ocean roar,
d break its Waves upon the foaming Shores :
o' from my DELIA banish'd ; all that's dear,
at's good, or beautiful, or charming here :
t flatt'ring Hopes encourage me to live,
.d tell me, Fate will kinder Minutes give ;
at the dark Treasury of Time contains
t happy Day that shall finish all my Pains :
d while I contemplate on Joys to come,
/ Griefs are silent, and my Sorrows dumb.
lieve me, *Nymph*, believe me, charming Fair,
hen Truth's conspicuous, we need not swear ;
ths will suppose a Difidence in you,
at I am false, my Flame fictitious too)
ere I condann'd by Fate's imperial Pow'r,
er to return to your Embraces more,
scorn whate'er the busy World could give ;
would be the worth of Miseries to live :
r, all my Wishes and Desires pursue,
I I admite, or covet here, is You.
ere I posseſſ'd of your surprising Charms,
d lodg'd again within my DELIA's Arms,
en would my Joys ascend to that Degree,
uld Angels envy, they would envy me.

OFT, as I wander in a silent Shade,
hen bold Vexations would my Soul invade,

I banish

44 *An Epistle to DELIA.*

I banish the rough Thought, and none pursue,
But what incline my willing Mind to you.
The soft Reflections on your sacred Love,
Like sov'reign Antidotes, all Cares remove ;
Composing ev'ry Faculty to Rest,
They leave a grateful Flavour in my Breast.

RETIR'D sometimes into a lonely Grove,
I think o'er all the Stories of our Love.
What mighty Pleasures have I oft posses'd,
When in a masculine Embrace, I prest
The lovely DELIA to my heaving Breast !
Then I remember, and with vast Delight,
The kind Expressions of the parting Night :
Methought the Sun too quick return'd again,
And Day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
Strong and contracted was our eager Bliss ;
An Age of Pleasure in each gen'rous Kiss :
Years of Delight in Moments we compriz'd ;
And Heav'n itself was there epitomiz'd.

BUT, when the Glories of the eastern Light
O'erflow'd the twinkling Tapers of the Night,
Farewel, my DELIA, O farewell ! said I,
The utmost Period of my Time is nigh :
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer Stay,
And wretched STREPHON is compell'd away.
But, tho' I must my native Plains forego,
Forsake these Fields, forsake my DELIA too,

An Epistle to DELIA. 45

No Change of Fortune shall for ever move
The settled Base of my immortal Love.

AND must my STREPHON, must my faithful Swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter Plain !
The Darling of my Soul so soon remov'd !
The only valu'd and the best belov'd !
Tho' other Swains to me themselves address'd,
STREPHON was still distinguish'd from the rest :
Flat and insipid all their Courtship seem'd ;
Little themselves, their Passions less, esteem'd :
For my Aversion with their Flames increas'd,
And none but STREPHON partial DELIA pleas'd.
Tho' I'm, depriv'd of my kind Shepherd's Sight,
Joy of the Day, and Blessing of the Night ;
Yet will you STREPHON, will you love me still ?
However, flatter me, and say you will.
For, should you entertain a rival Love ;
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove ;
No Mortal e'er could half so wretched be :
For sure no Mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your Beauty, Nymph, said I, my Faith secures ;
Those you once conquer, must be always yours :
For, Hearts subdued by your victorious Eyes,
No force can storm, no Stratagem surprize ;
Nor can I of Captivity complain,
While lovely DELIA holds the glorious Chain.
The Cyprian Queen, in young ADONIS' Arms,
Might fear, at least, he would despise her Charms ;

46 *An Epistle to DELIA.*

But, I can never such a Monster prove,
To slight the Blessings of my DELIA's Love.
Would those who at coelestial Tables sit,
Blest with immortal Wine, immortal Wit,
Choose to descend to some inferior Board,
Which nought but Stun and Non-sense can afford?
Nor can I e'er to those gay Nymphs address,
Whose Pride is greater, and whose Charms are less:
Their Timid Beauty, may perhaps, subdue
A gaudy Coxcomb; or a fulsome Beau;
But seem at best indifferent to me,
Who none but you with Admiration see.

Now, would the rolling Orbs obey my Will,
I'd make the Sun a second Time stand still;
And to the lower World their Light repay,
When conqu'ring JESUS rebid 'em of a Day:
Tho' our two Souls would diff'rent Passions prove;
His was a Thirst of Glory, mine of Love.
It will not be; the Sun makes haste to rise,
And take Possession of the eastern Skies;
Yet one more Kiss, tho' Millions are too few;
And DELIA, since we must, must part, Adieu.

As ADAM, by an injur'd MAKER driv'n
From EDEN's Groves, the Vicinage of Heav'n;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harsh Impressions of a ruder Air;
With mighty Sorrow, and with weeping Eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the Loss of Paradise:

With

Concern like his did I review
ive Plains, my charming DELIA too ;
st Paradise, in leaving You.



I walk, a pleasant Shade I find,
your fair Idea to my Mind :
as the happy Place, I, fitting, fay,
I and DELIA, lovely DELIA, lay,
irst I did my tender Thoughts impart,
ide a grateful Present of my Heart.
ny Friend, in his Apartment, shews
iece of VANDYKE's, or of ANGELLO's,
h the Artist has, with wond'rous Care,
'd the Face of One exceeding fair ;
t first Sight, it may my Passion raise,
ry Feature I admire and praise ;
, methinks, upon a second view,
t so beautiful, so fair, as You.
verse with those whom most admit
e a ready, gay, vivacious, Wit ;
want some amiable, moving Grace,
rn of Fancy, that my DELIA has :
good Thoughts amongst the Crowd they vent,
ks ten Thousand are impertinent.

other Shepherds, that are prone to range.
ach Caprice, their giddy Humours change :
from Variety, less Joys receive,
you, alone, are capable to give.
ll I envy those fit judging Swains,
they enjoy's the Refuse of the Plains)

If

48 A PASTORAL ESSAY

If, for my Share of Happiness below,
Kind Heav'n upon me DELIA would bestow ;
Whatever Blessings it can give beside,
Let all Mankind among themselves divide.



A PASTORAL ESSAY on the Death of Queen MARY, Anno 1694.

AS gentle STREPHON to his Fold convey'd
A wand'ring Lamb, which from the Flocks had
Beneath a mournful Cypres Shade he found [stray'd,
COSMELIA weeping on the dewy Ground,
Amaz'd, with eager Haste, he ran to know
The fatal Cause of her intemp'rare Woe ;
And, clasping her to his impatient Breast,
In these soft Words his tender Care exprest.

STREPHON.

WHY mourns my dear COSMELIA ? Why appears
My Life, my Soul, dissolv'd in briny Tears ?
Has some fierce Tyger thy lov'd Heifer slain ?
While I was wand'ring on the neighb'ring Plain ?
Or, has some greedy Wolf devour'd thy Sheep ;
What sad Misfortune makes COSMELIA weep ?
Speak, that I may prevent thy Grief's Increase,
Partake thy Sorrows, or restore thy Peace.

Cosm.

n the Death of Queen MARY. 49

C O S M E L I A.

Do you not hear from far that mournful Bell ?
Tis for——I cannot the sad Tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting Spirits fled ;
Tis for CÆLESTIA—STREPHON, Oh--- She's dead !
The brightest Nymph, the Princess of the Plain,
By an untimely Dart, untimely slain !

S T R E P H O N.

DEAD ! 'Tis impossible ! She cannot die !
She's too Divine, too much a Deity :
Tis a false Rumour some ill Swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps the good CÆLESTIA dead.

C O S M E L I A.

AH ! No ; the Truth in ev'ry Face appears :
For ev'ry Face you meet's o'erflow'd with Tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran thro' all the Plain,
From Flock to Flock, and ask'd of every Swain ;
But each, scarce lifting his dejected Head,
Cry'd, Oh, COSMELIA ! Oh ! CÆLESTIA's dead !

S T R E P H O N.

SOMETHING was meant by that ill-boding Croak
Of the prophetic Raven from the Oak,
Which straight by Lightning was in Shivers broke. }
F But }

50 A PASTORAL ESSAY

But we our Mischief feel, before we see ;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with Misery.

C O S M E L I A .

SINCE then we have no Trophies to bestow,
No pompous Things to make a glorious Show,
(For all the Tribute a poor Swain can bring,
In rural Numbers, is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy Shade, rehearse
CÆLESTIA's sacred Name, in no less sacred Verse.

S T R E P H O N .

CÆLESTIA dead ! Then 'tis in vain to live,
What's all the Comfort that the Plains can give,
Since She, by whose bright Influence alone
Our Flocks Increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone ;
Since She, who round such Beams of Goodness spread
As gave new Life to ev'ry Swain, is dead ?

C O S M E L I A .

In vain we wish for the delightful Spring ;
What Joys can flow'ry *May* or *April* bring,
When She, for whom the spacious Plains were spread
With early Flow'rs and cheerful Greens, is dead ?
In vain did courtly DAMON warm the Earth,
To give to Summer Fruits a Winter Birth ;

I

n the Death of Queen MARY. 51

1 vain we Autumn wait, which crowns the Fields
With wealthy Crops, and various Plenty yields ;
ince that fair Nymph, for whom the boundless Store
Of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

S T R E P H O N .

FAREWEL for ever then to all that's gay !
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with chearful Songs, in cooling Bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable Hours.
All Joys are banish'd, all Delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair CÆLESTIA's dead !

C O S M E L I A .

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful Lays
Of great CÆLESTIA's Name, CÆLESTIA's Praise :
How good She was, how generous, how wise !
How beautiful her Shape, how bright her Eyes !
How charming all ; how much she was ador'd,
Alive ; when dead, how much her Loss deplo'red !
A noble Theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest Fire.
And, since we do of such a Princeſs sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger Wing ;
And, while we do the lofty Numbers join,
Her Name will make the Harmony Divine.
Raise then thy tuneful Voice ; and be the Song
Sweet as her Temper, as her Virtue strong.

52 A PASTORAL ESSAY

S T R E P H O N.

WHEN her great Lord to foreign Wars was gone,
And left CÆLESTIA here to rule alone ;
With how serene a Brow, how void of Fear,
When Storms arose, did she the Vessel steer !
And, when the raging of the Waves did cease,
How gentle was her Sway in Times of Peace !
Justice and Mercy did their Beams unite,
And round her Temples spread a glorious Light :
So quick She eas'd the Wrongs of ev'ry Swain,
She hardly gave them Leisure to complain :
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging Sword of necessary Law :
Like Heav'n, She took no Pleasure to destroy :
With Grief, She punish'd, and She sav'd with Joy.

C O S M E L I A.

WHEN Godlike BELLIGER, from War's Alarms,
Return'd in Triumph to CÆLESTIA's Arms,
She met her Hero with a full Desire :
But chaste as Light, and vigorous as Fire :
Such mutual Flames, so equally Divine,
Did in each Breast with such a Lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, her's the less ;
Both were immense, for both were in Excess.

S T R E

on the Death of Queen MARY. 53

S T R E P H O N.

OH, Godlike Princess ! Oh, thrice happy Swains !
Whilst She presidèd o'er the fruitful Plains !
Whilst She, for ever ravish'd from our Eyes,
To mingle with the Kindred of the Skies,
Did for your Peace her constant Thoughts employ ;
The Nymph's good Angel, and the Shepherd's Joy !

C O S M E L I A.

ALL that was noble beautify'd her Mind ;
There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason join'd :
There too did Piety and Greatness wait :
Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State :
Humble amidst the Splendors of a Throne ;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none :
And when a Crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She, with some Pain, submitted to be Great.

S T R E P H O N.

HER pious Soul with Emulation strove
To gain the mighty PAN's important Love :
To whose mysterious Rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a Flame,
The Duties of Religion seem'd to be
No more her Care than her Felicity.

54 A PASTORAL ESSAY

C O S M E L I A.

VIRTUE unmix'd, without the least Allay,
Pure as the Light of a celestial Ray,
Commanded all the Motions of the Soul
With such a soft, but absolute Contro'l,
That as she knew what best Great PAN would please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest Ease.
Him for her high Exemplar She design'd,
Like Him, benevolent to all Mankind.
Her Foes She pity'd, not desir'd their Blood :
And, to revenge their Crimes, She did them Good :
Nay, all Affronts, so unconcern'd, She bore,
(Maugre that violent Temptation, Pow'r),
As if She thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd Forgiveness their worst Punishment.

S T R E P H O N.

Next mighty PAN, was her Illustrious Lord,
His high Vicegerent, sacredly ador'd :
Him with such Piety and Zeal She lov'd,
The noble Passion ev'ry Hour improv'd :
Till it ascended to that glorious Height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made Her so entire a Duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey ;
And met his Wishes with as prompt a Zeal
As an Archangel his Creator's Will.

Cosme-

on the Death of Queen MARY. 55

C O S M E L I A.

MATURE for Heav'n, the fatal Mandate came,
With it a Chariot of ethereal Flame ;
In which, ELIJAH like, She pass'd the Spheres ;
Brought Joy to Heav'n, but left the World in Tears.

S T R E P H O N.

MATTHIAS; I see her on the Plains of Light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright !
While the immortal Minds around Her gaze
On the excessive Splendor of her Rays ;
And scarce believe, a human Soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendious Majesty.

C O S M E L I A.

WHO can lament too much ? O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful CÆLESTIA's Urn ?
So great a loss as this deserves Excess
Of Sorrows ; all's too little that is less.
But, to supply the Universal Woe,
Tears from all Eyes, without Cessation, flow :
All that have Power to weep, or Voice to groan,
With throbbing Breasts, CÆLESIA's Fate bemoan ;
While Marble Rocks the common Griefs partake,
And echo back those Cries they cannot make.

STRE-

56 A PASTORAL ESSA

STREP HON.

WEEP then (once fruitful) Vales and spring with Y
Ye thirsty, barren Mountains, weep with Dew !
Let ev'ry Flow'r on this extended Plain
Not droop, but shrink into its Womb again,
Ne'er to receive a new its yearly Birth !
Let ev'ry Thing that's grateful leave the Earth !
Let mournful Cypresses, with each noxious Weed,
And baneful Venoms, in their Place succeed !
Ye purling, quer'lous Brooks, o'ercharg'd with Gr.
Haste swiftly to the Sea for more Relief ;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred Head,
Tell your astonish'd Springs, CALESTIA's dead !

COSMELIA.

WELL have you sung, in an exalted Strain,
The fairest *Nymph* e'er grac'd the *British* Plain.
Who knows but some officious Angel may
Your grateful Numbers to her Ears convey ;
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful Plains with Peace and Lov.

STREP HON.

BUT see, our Flocks do to their Fold repair ;
For Night with fable Clouds obscures the Air ;
Cold Damps descend from the unwholsome Sky,
And Safety bids us to our Cottage fly.

To his Friend under Affliction. 57

ho' with each Morn our Sorrows will return ;
ach Ev'n, like Nightingales, we'll sing and mourn,
ill Death conveys us to the peaceful Urn.



To his Friend under Affliction.

NO N E lives in this tumult'ous State of Things,
Where ev'ry Morning some new Trouble brings,
ut bold Inquietude will break his Rest,
nd gloomy Thoughts distract his anxious Breast.
ngelic Forms, and happy Spirits, are
bove the Malice of perplexing Care :
ut that's a Blessing too sublime, too high
or those who bend beneath Mortality.
in the Body there was but one Part
ubject to Pain, and sensible of Smart,
nd but one Passion could torment the Mind ;
hat Part, that Passion, busy Fate would find :
ut, since Infirmities in both abound,
ince Sorrow both so many Ways can wound :
Tis not so great a Wonder that we grieve
ometimes, as 'tis a Miracle we live.

THE happy'st Man that ever breath'd on Earth,
Vith all the Glories of Estate and Birth,
had yet some anxious Care, to make him know,
No Grandeur was above the Reach of Woe.

To

58 To his Friend under Affliction

To be from all Things that disquiet, 'free,
Is not consistent with Humanity.

Youth, Wit, and Beauty are such charming Thing
O'er which, if Affluence spreads her gaudy Wings,
We think the Person who enjoys so much,
No Care can native, and no Affliction touch,
Yet, could we but some secret Method find
To view the dark Retellies of the Mind,
We there might see the hidden Seed of Strife,
And Woes in Embryo rip'ning into Life :
How some fierce Lust, or boit'rous Passion, fills
The lab'ring Spirits with prolific Ills ;
Pride, Envy or Revenge, distract, the Soul,
And all right Reason's godlike Pow'r's controll.
But if she must not be allow'd to sway
Tho' all without appears stately and gay,
A cank'rous Venon on the Vital preys,
And poisons all the Comforts of his Day.

External Pomp and visible Success
Sometimes contribute to our Happiness :
But that which makes it genuine, resolv'd,
Is a good Conscience and a Soul resign'd.
Then, to whatever End Affliction's sent,
To try our Virtues, or for Punishment,
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,
And still adore the Hand that gives the Blow :
For, in Misfortunes this Advantage lies ;
They make us humble, and they make us wise.

To his Friend under Affliction. 59

And he that can acquire such Virtue, gains,
An ample Recompence for all his Pains.

Too soft Carelesses of a prosp'rous Fate.
The pious Fervours of the Soul abate ;
Tempt to luxurious Ease our careless Days,
And gloomy Vapors round the Spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a Sleep, we dosing lie,
And find our Ruin in Security ;
Unless some Sorrow comes to our Relief,
And breaks th' Inchantment by a timely Grief.
But as we are allow'd, to chear our Sight,
In blackest Days, some Glimmerings of Light ;
So, in the most dejected Hours we may,
The secret Pleasure have to weep and pray, :
And those Requests the speedy't Passage find,
To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted Mind :
And while to Him we open our Distress,
~~Our~~ Rains grow lighter, and our Sorrows left,
The finest Music of the Grove we owe
To mourning PHYLOMEI'L's harmonious Woe ;
And while her Grief's in charming Notes exprest,
A thorny Bramble pricks her tender Breast ;
In warbling Melody she spends the Night,
And moves at once Compassion and Delight.

No Choice had e'er so happy an Event,
But he that made it did that Choice report,
So weak's our Judgment, and so short's our Sight,
We cannot know our own Wishes right.

And

60 *To another Friend, &c.*

And if some times we make a wise Advance,
T'ourselves we little owe, but much to Chance.
So that when Providence, for secret Ends,
Corroding Cares, or sharp Affliction, sends ;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding, or impatient grow :
For, he that will his Confidence remove
From boundless Wisdom and eternal Love :
To place it on himself, or human Aid,
Will meet those Woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keenest Agonies of Grief,
Content's a Cordial that still gives Relief.
Heav'n is not always angry when He strikes,
But most chastises those whom most He likes ;
And, if with humble Spirits they complain,
Relieves the Anguish, or rewards the Pain.



To another FRIEND under Affliction.

SINCE the first Man by Disobedience, fell
An easy Conquest to the Pow'rs of Hell,
There's none in ev'ry Stage of Life can be
From the Insults of bold Affliction free.
If a short Respite gives us some Relief,
And interrupts the Series of our Grief,
So quick the Pangs of Misery return,
We joy by Minutes, but by Years we mourn.

REASO

To another Friend, &c. 61

REASON resign'd, and to Perfection brought,
By wise Philosophy, and serious Thought,
Supports the Soul beneath the pond'rous Weight
Of angry Stars, and unpropitious Fate,
Then is the Time she should exert her Pow'r,
And make us practice what she taught before.
For why are such volum'nos Authors read,
The learned Labours of the famous Dead,
But to prepare the Mind for its Defence,
By sage Results, and well digested Sense ;
That when the Storm of Misery appears,
With all its real or fantastic Fears,
We either may the rolling Danger fly,
Or stem the Tide before it swells too high.

BUT tho' the Theory of Wisdom's known
With Ease, what should, and what should not be done ;
Yet all the Labour in the Practice lies,
To be, in more than Words and Notions, wise.
The sacred Truth of sound Philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn Anguish seizes on the Soul,
Right Reason would its haughty Rage controul ;
But if it mayn't be suffer'd, to endure
The Pain is just, when we reject the Cure.
For, many Men, close Observation finds,
Of copious Learning, and exalted Minds,
Who tremble at the Sight of daring Woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest Foes ;

G

As

62 *To another Friend, &c.*

As if they understood not how to be,
Or wise, or brave, but in Felicity ;
And by some Action, servile or unjust,
Lay all their former Glories in the Dust.
For Wisdom first the wretched Mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his Enemies ;
So that, when most his Prudence should be shewn,
The most imprudent, giddy Things are done.
For when the Mind's surrounded with Distress,
Fear or Inconstancy the Judgment pres'ls,
And render it incapable to make
Wise Resolutions, or good Counsels take.
Yet there's a Steadiness of Soul and Thought,
By Reason bred and by Religion taught,
Which, like a Rock amid'st the stormy Waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all Affliction braves.

IN sharp Misfortunes, some will search too deep
What Heav'n prohibits, and would secret keep :
But those Events 'tis better not to know,
Which, known, serve only to increase our Woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dang'rous to pursue)
With Guilt begins, and ends with Ruin too.
For, had our earli'st Parents been content,
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their Ignorance of Evil had preserv'd
Their Joys entire ; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their Desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.

To another Friend, &c. 63

E'er since by Folly most to Wisdom rise ;
And few are, but by sad Experience, wise.

CONSIDER, *Friend!* who all your Blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have ;
And do not murmur, when you are bereft
Of Little, if you have abundance left.
Consider too how many thousands are
Under the worst of Miseries, Despair ;
And don't repine at what you now endure,
Custom will give you ease, or Time will cure ;
Once more consider, that the present Ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still ;
And be not anxious, for, to undergo
One Grief ; 'tis nothing to a num'rous Woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to Misery,
Bear it, my *Friend*, as bravely as you can :
You are not more, and be not less than Man !

AFFLICTIONS past can no Existence find,
But in the wild Ideas of the Mind :
And why should we for those Misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return ;
Those that have weather'd a tempest'ous Night,
And find a Calm approaching with the Light,
Will not, unless their Reason they disown,
Still make those Dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the Curtain none can see ;
It may be Joy : Suppose it Misery ;

64 To his Friend inclined to Marry.

'Tis future still ; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the present Ill alone we ought
To view, in Reason, with a troubled Thought :
But, if we may the sacred Pages trust,
He's always happy, that is always *just*.



To his FRIEND inclined to Marry.

I WOULD not have you, STREPHON, choose a Mate
From too exalted, or too mean a State ;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.
Who moves within the middle Region, shires
The least Disquiets, and the smallest Cares.
Let her Extraction with true Lustre shine ;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine :
Her Education liberal, not great ;
Neither inferior, nor above her State.
Let her have Wit ; but let that Wit be free
From Affectation, Pride and Pedantry :
For the Effect of Woman's Wit is such,
Too little is as dang'rous as too much.
But chiefly, let her Humour close with thine ;
Unless where yours does to a Fault incline ;
The least Disparity in this destroys,
Like sulph'rous Blasts, the very buds of Joys.

Her

r Person amiable, straight, and free
m natural or chance Deformity.
not her Years exceed, if equal thine ;
Women past their Vigour, soon decline.
r Fortune competent ; and, if thy Sight
reach so far, take Care 'tis gather'd right.
hine's enough, then her's may be the less :
not aspire to Riches in Excess.
that which makes our Lives delightful prove,
genteel Sufficiency and Love.

*To a Painter drawing DORINDA's
PICTURE.*

PAINTER, the utmost of thy Judgment shew ;
Exceed ev'n TITIAN, and great ANGELO :
th all the Liveliness of Thought expres
e moving Features of DORINDA's Face.
ou can't not flatter, where such Beauty dwells ;
r Charms thy Colours, and thy Art, excels.
ters less fair may from thy Pencil have
ices, which sparing Nature never gave :
in DORINDA's Aspect thou wilt see
h as will 'pose thy famous Art, and Thee ;
great, so many in her Face unite,
well proportion'd and so wond'rous bright,
human Skill can e'er express them all,
must do Wrong to th' fair Original.

68 CRUELTY and LUST.

NERONIOR's Fame, no doubt, has reach'd your Ears
Whose Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears ;
Fill'd each lamenting Town with Fun'ral Sighs,
Deploring Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries.
At ev'ry Health the horrid Monster quaff'd,
Ten Wretches dy'd ; and as they dy'd, he laugh'd :
Till tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
Drunk with Excess of Blood and Wine to Bed.
Oh, cursed Place !-----I can no more command
My Pen : Shame and Confusion shake my Hand :
But I must on, and let my CELIA know
How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vast my Woe.

AMONGST the Crowds of *Western* Youths who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy Man,*
My Husband, fatally uniting, went ;
Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtless of th' Event.
But when the Battle was by Treach'ry won,
The Chief, and all, but his false Friends undone ;
Tho', in the Tumult of that desp'rare Night,
He 'scap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Fight :
Yet the sagacious Blood hounds, skill'd too well
In all the murd'ring Qualities of Hell,
Each secret Place so regularly beat,
They soon discover'd his unsafe Retreat.
As hungry Wolves triumphing o'er their Prey,
To sure Destruction hurry them away ;

So

* The Duke of MONMOUTH.

So the Purveyors of fierce Moloc's Son
With CHARION to the common Butch'ry run ;
Where proud NERONIOR by his Gibbet stood,
To glut himself with fresh Supplies of Blood.
Our Friends, by pow'rful Intercession, gain'd
A short Reprieve, but for three Days obtain'd,
To try all Ways might to Compassion move
The savage Gen'ral ; but in vain they strove.
When I perceiv'd that all Addresses fail'd,
And nothing o'er his stubborn Soul prevail'd ;
Distracted almost, to his Tent I flew,
To make the last Effort what Tears could do.
Low on my Knees I fell ; then thus began :
Great Genius of Success, thou more than Man !
Whose Arms to ev'ry Clime have Terror hurl'd,
And carry'd Conquest round the trembling World !
Still may the brightest Glories Fame can lend,
Your Sword, your Conduct, and your Caufe attend.
Here now the Arbiter of Fate you sit,
While suppliant Slaves their Rebel Heads submit.
Oh, pity the Unfortunate ! and give
But this one Thing : Oh, let but CHARION live !
And take the little all that we possess.
I'll bear the meagre Anguish of Distress ;
Content, nay pleas'd, to beg, or earn my Bread :
Let CHARION live, no matter how I'm fed.
The Fall of such a Youth, no Lustre brings
To him whose Sword performs such wond'rous Things }
As saving Kingdoms, and supporting Kings. }

That

70 CRUELTY and LUST.

That Triumph only with true Grandeur shines,
Where godlike Courage, godlike Pity joins.
CÆSAR the eldeft Favourite of War,
Took not more Pleasure to submit than spare :
And, fince in Battle you can greater be,
That over, ben't les merciful than he.
Ignoble Spirits by Revenge are known ;
And cruel Actions spoil the Conq'rors Crown :
In future Hist'ries fill each mournful Page
With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage :
And while his Annals are with Horror read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh ! do not fully with a sanguine Dye,
(The fouleft Stain) so fair a Memory !
Then, as you'll live the Glory of our Isle,
And Fate on all your Expeditions smile :
So, what a noble Course you've bravely ran,
Die the best Soldier, and the happiest Man.
None can the Turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own Catastrophe may be ;
Therefore to Persons lab'ring under Woe,
That Mercy they may want, should always shew :
For, in the Chance of War, the lighteft Thing
May lose the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.
And how would you that Gen'ral's Honour prize,
Should in cool Blood his Captive Sacrifice ?

He that with rebel Arms to fight is led,
To Justice forfeits his opprobrious Head ;

CRUELTY and LUST. 71

But 'tis unhappy CHARION's first Offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible Pretence,
To take the inj'ring Side by Error brought ;
He had no Malice, tho' he has the Fault.
Let the old Tempters find a shameful Grave :
But the Half-innocent, the tempted, save,
Vengeance Divine, tho' for the greatest Crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second Time :
And he best follows the Almighty's Will,
Who spares the Guilty he has Pow'r to kill.
When proud Rebellions would unhinge a State,
And wild Disorders in a Land create,
'Tis requisite the first Promoters should
Put out the Flames they kindled with their Blood :
But sure 'tis a Degree of Murder, all
That draw their Swords, should undistinguish'd fall.
And since a Mercy must to some be shewn,
Let CHARION 'mongst the happy few be One :
For, as none guilty has less Guilt than he ;
So none for Pardon has a fairer Plea.

WHEN DAVID's General had won the Field,
And ABSALOM, the lov'd Ungrateful, kill'd,
The Trumpets sounding, made all Slaughter cease,
And misled *Israelites* return'd in Peace.
The Action past, where so much Blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that Day's Guilt ;
But all concludes with the desir'd Event ;
The Monarch pardons, and the *Jews* repent.

As

72 CRUELTY and LUST.

As great Example your great Courage warms,
And to illustrious Deeds excites your Arms ;
So, when you Instances of Mercy view,
They should inspire you with Compassion too :
For he that emulates the truely Brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

HERE, interrupting, stern NERONIOR cry'd,
(Swell'd with Success, and blubber'd up with Pride)
Madam, his Life depends upon my Will :
For ev'ry Rebel I can spare or kill.
I'll think of what you've said : This Night return
At Ten ; perhaps, you'll have no Cause to mourn.
Go see your Husband, bid him not despair :
His Crime is great ; but you are wond'rous fair.

WHEN anxious Miseries the Soul amaze,
And dire Confusion in the Spirits raise :
Upon the leaft Appearance of Relief,
Our Hopes revive, and mitigate our Grief.
Impatience makes our Wishes earnest grow ;
Which thro' false Optics, our Deliv'rance shew.
For, while we fancy Danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near ;
And many Times secure from obvious Foes,
We fall into an Ambuscade of Woes.

PLEAS'D with the false NERONIOR's dark Reply,
I thought the End of all my Sorrows nigh ;

Anc

CRUELTY and LUST. 73

And to the Main-guard hasten'd, where the Prey
Of this blood-thirsty Fiend in Durance lay.
When CHARION saw me from his turfey Bed,
With Eagernes he rais'd his drooping Head :
Oh ! fly, my Dear, this guilty Place, he cry'd,
And in some distant Clime thy Virtue hide!
Here nothing but the foulest Daemons dwell,
The Refuge of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell.
The Air they breathe is ev'ry Atom curst :
There's no Degrees of Ills ; for all are worst.
In Rapes and Murders they alone delight,
And Villainies of less Importance slight :
Act 'em indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd ;
For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd.
NERONIOR's Chief of this infernal Crew ;
And seems to merit that high Station too :
Nothing but Rage and Lust inspire his Breast,
By ASMODEO and MOLOC both possest.
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my Soul into an Agony :
Not that I would not for my Freedom give,
What's requisite, or do not wish to live :
But for my Safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short Years with long Disgrace :
Nor would I have your yet unspotted Fame
For me expos'd, to an eternal Shame.
With Ignominy to preferve my Breath,
Is worse, by infinite Degrees, than Death.
But if I can't my Life with Honour save,
With Honour I'll descend into the Grave.

H

For

74 CRUELTY and LUST.

For, tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
(As both to fix my Ruin seem to join)
Yet, maugre all their Violence and Skill,
I can die just ; and I'm resolv'd I will.

BUT, what is Death, we so unwisely fear ?
An End of all our busy Tumults here ;
The equal Lot of Poverty and State,
Which all partake of by a certain Fate.
Whoe'er the Prospect of Mankind surveys,
At divers Ages, and by divers Ways,
Will find them from this noisy Scene retire ;
Some the first Minute that they breathe, expire :
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go ;
But die, before they Good or Evil know.
Here one to Puberty arrives ; and then
Returns lamented to the Dust again :
Another there maintains a longer Strife
With all the pow'rful Enemies of Life ;
Till, with Vexation tir'd, and threescore Years,
He drops into the Dark, and disappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late Posterity ;
'Tis what with Reason I could wish to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But, since substantial Grief so soon destroys
The gust of all imaginary Joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for Life, than it can merit, give ! .

CRUELTY and LUST. 75

YOND the Grave stupendous Regions lie,
boundless Realms of vast Eternity ;
re Minds, remov'd from earthly Bodies, dwell ;
who their Government or Laws can tell ?
t's their Employment till the final Doom,
Time's eternal Period shall come ?
much the Sacred Oracles declare ;
all are bless'd, or miserable, there :
, if there's such Variety of Fate,
Good expire too soon, nor Bad too late.
ny own Part, with Resignation, still
submit to my Creator's Will !
Im recal the Breath from Him I drew,
n He thinks fit, and when He pleases too.
Way of dying is my least Concern ;
will give no Disturbance to my Urn.
the Seats of Happiness I go,
e end all possible Returns of Woe :
when to those blest Mansions I arrive,
. Pity I'll behold those that survive.
more I beg, you'd from these Tents retreat,
leave me to my Innocence and Fate.

IARION, said I, Oh, do not urge my Flight !
e th' Event of this important Night :
strange Presages in my Soul forebode
worst of Mis'ries, or the greatest Good.
Hours will show the utmost of my Doom ;
ful Safety or a peaceful Tomb.

76 CRUELTY and LUST.

If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
If gracious Heav'n will suffer me to die :
For, when you are to endless Raptures gone,
If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.
Who will support an injur'd Widow's Right,
From fly Injustice, or oppressive Might ?
Protect her Person, or her Cause defend ?
She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend :
I've no Distrust of Providence ; but still,
'Tis best to go beyond the Reach of Ill :
And those can have no Reason to repent,
Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
But, to a World of everlasting Bliss
Why would you go, and leave me here in this ?
'Tis a dark Passage ; but our Foes shall view,
I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you :
That my Behaviour to the last may prove
Your Courage is not greater than my Love.
The Hour approach'd; As to NERONIOR's Tent,
With trembling, but impatient Steps, I went,
A thousand Horrors, throng'd into my Breast,
By sad Ideas and strong Fears possest :
Where e'er I pass'd, the glaring Lights would shew
Fresh Objects of Despair, and Scenes of Woe.

HERE, in a Crowd of drunken Soldiers stood
A wretched, poor, old Man, besmear'd with Blood ;
And at his Feet, just through the Body run,
Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son ;

CRUELTY and LUST. 77

By whose hard Labour he was daily fed,
Dividing still, with pious Care, his Bread :
And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,
The sole support of his decrepid Years,
The barb'rous Mob, whose Rage no Limit knows,
With blasphemous Derision, mock'd his Woes.

THERE, under a wide Oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in Tears, a mournful Widow sat.
High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung ;
Beneath, the Children round the Mother clung :
They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief :
For all they had to live upon, was Grief.
A Sorrow so intense, such deep Despair,
No Creature, merely human, long could bear.
First in her Arms, her weeping Babes she took,
And, with a Groan, did to her Husband look :
Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and, fighing, cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the World ! and dy'd.

FROM this sad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,
Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers, mourn'd :
Friends for their Friends, Sisters for Brothers, wept :
Pris'ners of War, in Chains, for Slaughter kept :
Each ev'ry Hour did the black Message dread,
Which should declare the Person lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal Shouts of Mirth,
A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,
To Execution led ; who hardly bore
The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before ;

78 CRUELTY and LUST.

And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curs'd Tent arriv'd, without Delay;
They did me to the General convey :
Who thus began———————
Madam ! by fresh Intelligence, I find,
That CHARION's Treason's of the blackest Kind ;
And my Commission is express to spare
None that so deeply in Rebellion are :
New Measures therefore 'tis in vain to try :
No Pardon can be granted ; He must die.
Must, or I hazard all : Which yet I'd do
To be oblig'd in one Request by you :
And, maugre all the Dangers I foresee,
Be mine this Night, I'll set your Husband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope Success
By supple Flattery, and by soft Address ;
The pert, gay Coxcomb, by these little Arts,
Gains an Ascendant o'er the Ladies Hearts.
But I can no such whining Methods use :
Consent, he lives ; he dies, if you refuse.

AMAZ'D at this Demand ; said I, 'The Brave,
Upon ignoble Terms, disdain to save :
They let their Captives still with Honour live,
No more require, than what themselves would give :
For, gen'rous Victors, as they scorn to do
Dishonest Things, scorn to propose 'em too.

Merc

CRUELTY and LUST. 79

Mercy, the brightest Virtue of the Mind;
Should with no devious Appetite be join'd :
For if, when exercis'd; a Crime it cost,
Th' intrinsic Lustre of the Deed is lost.
Great Men, their Actions of a Piece should have ;
Heroic all, and each intirely brave :
From the nice Rules of Honour none should swerve ;
Done, because Good, without a mean Reserve.

THE Crimes now charg'd upon th' unhappy Youth,
May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.
Suppose the Accusation justly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minutest Thought ;
Yet Mercyies, next to infinite, abate
Offenses, next to infinitely, great :
And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,
In full forgiveness not to be confin'd:
Your Prince's Frowns if you have Cause to fear,
This Act will more illustrious appear ;
Tho' his Excuse can never be withstood,
Who disobeys, but only to be Good.
Perhaps the Hazard's more, than you express
The Glory would be, were the Danger less:
For he that, to his Prejudice, will do
A noble Action, and a gen'rous too,
Deserves to wear a more resplendent Crown,
Than he that has a thousand Battles won.
Do not invert Divine Compassion so,
As to be cruel, and no Mercy shew !

80 CRUELTY and LUST.

Of what Renown can such an Action be,
Which *saves* my Husband's Life, but *ruins* me ?
Tho', if you finally resolve to stand
Upon so vile, inglorious a Demand,
He must submit ; If 'tis my Fate to mourn
His Death, I'll bathe with virt'ous Tears his Urn.

WELL, Madam, haughtily, NERONIOR cry'd,
Your Courage and your Virtue shall be try'd.
But to prevent all Prospect of a Flight,
Some of my * *Lambs* shall be your Guard to Night :
By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd ;
They seldom ask a Favour that's refus'd ;
Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
They'll leave you but few virt'ous Tears to shed.
Surrounded with so innocent a Throng,
The Night must pass delightfully along :
And in the Morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your Husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest Breath,
And gently swing into the Arms of Death.
His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due ;
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

OH CELIA, think ! so far as Thought can shew,
What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe,

* KIRKE used to call the most inhuman of his Subjects his *Lambs*.

At this, dire Resolution seiz'd my Breast !
By all Things sad and terrible possest.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my Pray'rs were to a Tiger made :
A Tiger ! worse ; for, 'tis beyond Dispute,
No Fiend's so cruel as a reas'ning Brute.
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of Relief,
With all the Squadrons of Despair and Grief ;
Ruin——it was not possible to shun :
What could I do ? Oh ! what would you have done ?

THE Hours that pass'd, till the black Morn return'd,
With Tears of Blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate Grief,
Beyond Expression, and above Belief,
Madam, the Monster cry'd, that you may find,
I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind ;
Step to the Door, I'll shew you such a Sight,
Shall overwhelm your Spirits with Delight.
Does not that Wretch, who wou'd dethrone his King,
Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String ?
You need not now an injur'd Husband dread ;
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your Sake, I seiz'd upon his Life ;
He would, perhaps, have scorn'd so chaste a Wife.
And, Madam, you'll excuse the Zeal I shew,
To keep that secret none alive should know.
Curs'd of all Creatures ! for, compar'd with thee,
The Dev'l's said I, are dull in Cruelty.

Oh,

82 *On the Marriage of the Earl*

Oh, may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal Hunger feed ;
In Fires too hot for Salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter Hell ;
May that vile Lump of execrable Lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the Dust !
May'st thou, despairing at the Point of Death,
With Oaths and Blasphemies resign thy Breath ;
And the worst Torments that the Damn'd should share,
In thine own Person all united bear !

ON CELIA ! Oh, my *Friend* ! what Age can show
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a Woe ?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can't be everlasting here :
But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase :
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.



On the Marriage of the Earl of A-- with the Countess of S---

TRUMPHANT Beauty never looks so gay,
As on the Morning of a Nuptial Day :
Love then within a larger Circle moves,
New Graces add, and ev'ry Charm improves :
While HYMEN does his sacred Rites prepare,
The busy Nymphs attend the trembling Fair ;

Whose

of A--with the Countess of S--. 83

Whose Veins are swell'd with an unusual Heat,
And eager Pulses with strange Motions beat :
Alternate Passions various Thoughts impart,
And painful Joys distract her throbbing Heart :
Her Fears are great, and her Desires are strong :
The Minutes fly too fast--yet stay too long :
Now she is ready--the next Moment not ;
All Things are done--then something is forgot :
She fears--yet wishes the strange Work were done ;
Delays--yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from ev'ry Thought arise ;
What Love persuades, I know not what denies.

ACHATES' Choice does his firm Judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love ;
Because it from no spurious Passion came,
But was the Product of a noble Flame :
Bold, without Rudeness ; without blazing, bright ;
Pure as fixt Stars, and uncorrupt as Light :
By just Degrees it to Perfection grew ;
An early Ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright Sun ascending to his Noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

BUT, tho' ACHATES was unkindly driv'n
From his own Land, he's banish'd into Heav'n :
For sure the Raptures of COSMELIA's Love
Are next, if only next to those above.
Thus Pow'r Divine does with his Foes engage ;
Rewards his Virtues, and defeats their Rage :

For,

84 *On the Marriage of the Ea*

For, first it did to fair COSMELIA give
All that a human Creature could receive ;
Whate'er can raise our Wonder or Delight,
Transport the Soul, or gratify the Sight.
Then in the full Perfection of her Charms,
Lodg'd the bright Virgin in ACHATES' Arms.

WHAT Angels are, is in COSMELIA seen ;
Their awful Glories, and their godlike Mien !
For, in her Aspect all the Graces meet :
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet ;
There ev'ry Charm in lofty Triumph fits,
Scorns poor Defect, and to no Fault submits :
There Symmetry, Complexion, Air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright :
So newly finish'd by the Hand Divine,
Before her Fall, did the first Woman shine.
But Eve in one great Point, she does excel :
COSMELIA never err'd at all ; She fell.
From her, Temptation, in Despair, withdrew ;
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

VIRTUE confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full Maturity, by serious Thought,
Her Actions with a watchful Eye surveys ;
Each Passion guides, and ev'ry Moment sways ;
Not the least Failure in her Conduct lies ;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

of A--with the Countess of S--.85

HER Judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With Wit, that's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the Efforts of her Mind presides,
And to the noblest End her Labours guides :
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the Maze of Life without a Clue !
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back :
She does, amidst ten Thousand Ways, prefer
The Right, as if not capable to err.

HER Fancy strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her Converse to a Crime ;
And, tho' it moves with a luxuriant Heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great :
For, each Expression, ev'ry teeming Thought,
Is to the Scanning of her Judgment brought ;
Which wisely separates the finest Gold,
And casts the Image in a beauteous Mould.

No trifling Words debase her Eloquence,
But all's pathetic, all is sterling Sense ;
Refin'd from drossy Chat, and idle Noise,
With which the Female Conversation cloys :
So well she knows, what's understood by few,
To time her Thoughts, and to express 'em too ;
That what she speaks does to the Soul transmit
The fair Idea of delightful Wit.

86 *On the Marriage of the Earl,*

ILLUSTRIOS born, and as illustrious bred,
By great Example to wise Actions led :
Much to the Fame her lineal Heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high Genius more ;
And, by a noble Emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their Virtues, and her own improv'd ;
Till they arriv'd to that celestial Height,
Scarce Angels greater be, or Saints so bright.

BUT if COSMELIA could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler Birth, or more a Deity,
ACHATES merits her, tho' none but He :
Whose gen'rous Soul abhors a base Disguise ;
Resolv'd in Action, and in Counsel wise ;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For Threats to Force, or Flattery to win.
Unmov'd, amidst the Hurricane he stood ;
He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

SINCE the first Pair in Paradise were join'd,
Two Hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
ACHATES Life to fair COSMELIA gives ;
In fair COSMELIA great ACHATES lives ;
Each is to other the divinest Blis ;
He is her Heav'n, and She is more than his.
Oh, may the kindest Influence above
Protect their Persons, and indulge their Love !

An INSCRIPTION for the Monu-
ment of DIANA, Countess of
OXFORD and ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII & ELGINI Comitissa ;

QUÆ

ILLUSTRI orta Sanguine, Sanguinem illustravit :

Ceciliorum Meritis, clara, suis clarissima ;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam ineuntem Innocentia ;

Procedentem ampla Virtutum Cobors :

Exeuntem Mors beatissima decoravit ;

(Volente Numine)

Ut Nupiam decesset aut Virtus aut Felicitas,

Duobus conjuncta Maritis,

Utrique charissima :

Primum

(Quem ad Annū habuit)

Impense dilexit :

Secundum

(Quem ad Annos viginti quatuor)

Tanta Pietate & Amore coluit ;

Ut qui, vivens,

Obsequium, tanquam Patri præstítit ;

Moriens,

Patrimonium, tanquam Filio, reliquit.

88 On the Countess of Oxford, &c

*Noverca cum esset,
Maternam Piætatem facile superari posset.
Familii adeo sitem prudentemque Curam gessit,
Ut non tam Domina Familiæ præesse,
Quam Anima Corpori inesse videbatur.
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto Animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, Viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
Terris Anima major, ad similes evolavit superes.*



The foregoing INSCRIPTION attempted in ENGLISH.



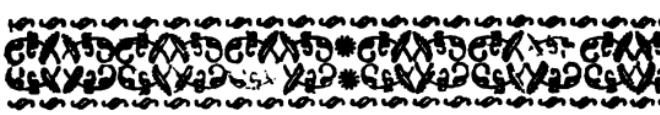
DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and EGLI

WHO from a Race of Noble Heroes came,
And added Lustre to its ancient Fame :
Round her the Virtues of the CECILS shone,
But with inferior Brightness to her own :
Which she refin'd to that sublime Degree,
The greatest Mortal could not greater be.
Each Stage of Life peculiar Splendor had ;
Her tender Years with Innocence were clad :
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the Retinue of her Virtues stood ;

ie Countess of Oxford, &c. 89

he final Period of her Breath,
m'd her Life with a propitious Death.
Occasion might be wanting here
e her Virtues fam'd, or Joys sincere,
ble Lords her genial Bed possest ;
to both, the dearest and the best.
Submitted in one Year to Fate ;
m her Passion was exceeding great.
N full six *Lustra* were assign'd :
she lov'd with so intense a Mind,
ving, like a Father she obey'd ;
as to a Son, left all she had.
Step-mother she soon soar'd above
mon Height ev'n of maternal Love.
her num'rous Family command
ch a tender Care, so wise a Hand,
n'd no otherwise a Mistress there,
odlike Souls in human Bodies are.
en to all she had Example shew'd,
be great and humble, chaste and good,
il, for Earth too excellent, too high,
its Peers, the Princes of the Sky.





Upon the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES *A Pindaric ESSAY.*



UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHENCE sprung this glorious Frame ; or when began
Things to exist ? They could not always be
To what stupendous Energy
Shall we ascribe the Origin of Man ?
That *Cause*, from whence all Beings else arose,
Must Self-existent be alone ;
Intirely perfect, and but One ;
Nor Equal nor Superior knows :
Two Firsts, in Reason, we can ne'er suppose.
If that, in false Opinion, we allow,
That *once* there absolutely Nothing was,
Then Nothing could ~~be~~ now.
For, by what Instrument, or how,
Shall Non-Existence to Existence pass ?
Thus, Something must from everlasting be ;
Or Matter, or a Deity.

Upon the Divine Attributes. 91

If Matter only uncreate we grant,
We shall Volition, Wit, and Reason, want ;
An Agent infinite, and Action free ;
Whence does Volition, whence does Reason flow ?
How came we to reflect, design, and know ?

This from a nobler Nature springs,
Distinct in Essence from material Things :
For, thoughtless Matter cannot Thought bestow.

But if we own a God supreme,
And all Perfections possible in Him ;
In Him does boundless Excellence reside,
Pow'r to create, and Providence to guide ;
Unmade Himself, could no Beginning have,
But to all Substance prime Existence gave :
Can what He will destroy, and what He pleases save.

P O W E R.

II.

THE undesigning Hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill the Globes of Light,
So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
The lofty Concave of the vast Expance :
These could proceed from no less Pow'r than infinite.
There's not one Atom of this wond'rous Frame,
Nor Essence intellectual, but took
Existence when the Great *Creator* spoke,
And from the common Womb of empty Nothing came.
Let Substance be, He cry'd ; and straight arose
Angelic, and corporeal too ;
All that material Nature shews,

And

92 Upon the Divine Attributes

And what does Things invisible compose,
At the same Instant sprung, and into Being flew.
Mount the Convex of the highest Sphere,
Which draws a mighty Circle round
Th' interior Orbs, as their capacious Bound ;
There Millions of new Miracles appear :
There dwell the eldest Sons of Pow'r immense
Who first were to Perfection wrought,
First to complete Existence brought :
To whom their Maker did dispense
The largest Portions of created Excellence,
Eternal now, not of Necessity,
As if they could not cease to be,
Or were from possible Destruction free ;
But on the Will of God depend :
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower Worlds were made,
Without the least Miscarriage or Defect,
By the Almighty Architect,
United Adoration paid,
And with extatic Gratitude his Laws obey'd.

III.

PHILOSOPHY of old in vain essay'd
To tell us, how this mighty Frame
Into such beauteous Order came ;
But, by false Reas'nings, false Foundations laid :
She labour'd hard ; but still the more she wrought
The more was wilder'd in the Maze of Thought.

Sc

Upon the Divine Attributes. 93

Sometimes she fancy'd Things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And the Form, which now they are,
From everlasting Ages were.
Sometimes the casual Event

Of Atoms floating in a Space immense,
Void of all Wisdom, Rule, and Sense;
But, by a lucky Accident,
Enabled into this Scheme of wond'rous Excellence.

'Twas an establish'd Article of old,
Chief of the philosophic Creed,
And does in natural Productions hold;
That from mere Nothing, Nothing could proceed.
Material Substance never could have had,
If some Existence had not been before,
In Wisdom infinite, immense in Pow'r.

Whatever is made, a Maker must suppose,
Is an Effect, a Cause, that could produce it, shewz.
Nature and Art, indeed, have Bounds assign'd,
And only Forms to Things, not Being, givez;
That from *Onnipotence* they must receivez;
But the Eternal, Self-existent *Mind*
Can, with a single *Fit*, cause to be.

All that the wond'rous Eye surveys,
And all it cannot see.

Nature may shape a beauteous Tree,
And Art a noble Palace raise,
But must not to creative Pow'r aspire;
That their God alone can claim.
Is the pre-existing Substance doth require:
o, where they Nothing find, can Nothing frame.

94 *Upon the Divine Attributes.*

W I S D O M.

IV.

MATTER produc'd, had still a *Chaos* been :
For jarring Elements engag'd,
Eternal Battles would have wag'd
And fill'd with endless Horror the tumult'ous Scene
If *Wisdom* Infinite, for less
- Could not the vast, prodigious Embryo wield,
- Or Strength complete to lab'ring Nature yield,
Had not with actual Address,
Compos'd the bell'wing Hurry, and establish'd Peace
Whate'er this visible Creation shews
That's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the Morning, or adorns the Night,
To her its Eminence and Beauty owes.
By her all Creatures have their End assign'd,
Proportion'd to their Nature and their Kind ;
To which they steadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reason's high Command,
Or guided by the secret Hand
Of real Instinct, or imaginary Chance.
Nothing but Men reject her sacred Rules ;
Who from the End of their Creation fly,
And deviate into Misery :
As if the Liberty to act like Fools,
Were the chief Cause that Heaven made 'em free.

P R O V

Upon the Divine Attributes. 95

PROVIDENCE.

V.

BOLD is the Wretch, and blasphemous the Man,
Who, finite, will attempt to scan
The Works of Him that's infinitely wise,
And those he cannot comprehend, denies ;
As if a space immense were measurable by a Span.

Thus the proud Sceptic will not own
That Providence the World directs,
Or its Affairs inspects ;
But leaves it to itself alone.

How does it with Almighty Grandeur suit,
To be concern'd with our Impertinence ;
Or interpose his Pow'r for the Defence
Of a poor Mortal, or a senseless Brute ?
illains could never so successful prove,
nd unmolested in those Pleasures live,
Which Honour, Ease, and Affluence, give ;
While such as Heav'n adore, and Virtue love,
nd most the Care of Providence deserve,
ppress'd with Pain, and Ignominy, starve.

What Reason can the Wise shew,
Why Murder does unpunish'd go,
If the most *High*, that's Just and Good,
Intends and governs all below,
nd yet regards not the loud Cries of guiltless Blood ?
But shall we Things unsearchable deny,
Because our Reason cannot tell us why
hey are allow'd, or acted by the *Deity* ?

"Tis

96 Upon the Divine Attributes.

'Tis equally above the Reach of Thought,
To comprehend how Matter should be brought
From Nothing, as existent be
From all Eternity ;
And yet that Matter is, we feel and see :
Nor is it easier to define,
What Ligatures the Soul and Body join ;
Or, how the Memory does th' Impression take
Of Things, and to the Mind restores 'em back.

"VI.

Did not the Almighty, with Immediate Care,
Direct and govern this capacious All,
How soon would Things into Confusion fall !
Earthquakes the trembling Ground would rear
And blazing Comets ride the troubled Air ;
Wide Inundations, with resistless Force,
The lower Provinces o'erflow,
In Spite of all that human Strength could do
To stop the raging Sea's impetuous Course :
Murder and Rapine ev'ry Place would fill,
And sinking Virtue stoop to prosp'rous Ill ;
Devouring Pestilences rave,
And all that Part of Nature, which has Breath,
Deliver to the Tyranny of Death,
And hurry to the Dungeons of the Grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.
Let the brave Soldier speak, who oft has been
In dreadful Sieges, and fierce Battles seen,

Upon the Divine Attributes. 97

How he's prefer'd, when Bombs and Bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one Inch of Air is free;

And tho' he does ten Thousand see

Fall at his Feet and in a Moment dye;
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the Victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd Sailor shew,

To what invisible protecting Pow'r

He did his Life and Safety owe;

When the loud Storm his well built Vessel tore,
And half a shatter'd Plank convey'd him to the Shore.

Nay, let th'ungrateful Sceptic tell us, how
His tender Infancy Protection found;

And helpless Childhood was with Safety crown'd,

If he'll no Providence allow;

When he had nothing but his Nurse's Arms
To guard him from innumerable, fatal Harms:

From Childhood how to Youth he ran

Securely, and from thence to Man:

How, in the Strength and Vigour of his Years,

The feeble Bark of Life he saves,

Amidst the Fury of tempest'ous Waves,

From all the Dangers he foresees, or fears;

Yet ev'ry Hour 'twixt *Sylla* and *Charybdis* steers;

If Providence, which can the Seas command,

Held not the Rudder with a steady Hand..

O M N I P R E S E N C E.

VII.

'Tis happy for the Sons of Men, that He,
Who all Existence out of Nothing made,

K

Sup-

98 Upon the Divine Attributes.

Supports his Creatures by immediate Aid ;

But then this all intending *Deity*

Must *Omnipresent* be :

For, how shall we, by Demonstration shew,

The *Godhead* is this Moment here,

If He's not present ev'ry where ;

And always so ?

What's not perceptible by Sense, may be

Ten thousand Miles remote from me,

Unless his Nature is from Limitation free.

In vain we for Protection pray ;

For Benefits receiv'd high Altars raise,

And offer up our Hymns and Praise ;

In vain his Anger dread, or Laws obey.

An absent *God* from Ruin can defend

No more than can an absent Friend ;

No more is capable to know

How gratefully we make Returns,

When the loud Music sounds or Victim burns,

Than a poor *Indian Slave of Mexico*.

If so, 'tis equally in vain

The Prosp'rous sings, and Wretched mour

He cannot hear the Praise, or mitigate the Pain.

But by what Being is confin'd

The *Godhead* we adore ?

He must have equal, or superior Pow'r.

If equal only, they each other bind ;

So neither's *God*, if we define him right ;

For neither's Infinite.

But if the other have superior Might,

Upon the Divine Attributes. 99

Then He, we worship, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all Restraint ; and so no *Deity*
If God is limited in Space ; his View,
His Knowledge, Pow'r, and Wisdom, is so too :
Unless we'll own, that these Perfections are
At all Times present ev'ry where ;
Yet He Himself not actually there.
Which to suppose, that strange Conclusion brings ;
His Essence and his Attributes are diff'rent Things.

I M M U T A B I L I T Y.

VIII.

As the Supreme, Omnipotent *Mind*,
Is by no Boundaries confin'd ;
So Reason must acknowledge Him to be
From possible *Mutation* free :
For what He *is*, He *was* from all Eternity.
Change, whether the Effect of Force, or Will,
Must argue Imperfection still.
But Imperfection in a *Deity*,
That's absolutely Perfect, cannot be :
Who can compel, without his own Consent,
A God to change, that is Omnipotent ?
And ev'ry Alteration without Force,
Is for the better, or the worse.
He that is infinitely Wise,
To alter for the worse will never choose ;
That a Depravity of Nature shews :

K 2

And

21556

100 Upon the Divine Attribute

And He, in whom all true Perfection lies,
Cannot by *Change* to greater Excellencies rise.
If God be *mutable*, which may, or how,
Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
Which did a thousand Years ago?
And 'tis impossible to know,
What He forbids, or what He will allow.
Murder, Inchantment, Lust, and Perjury,
Did in the foremost Rank of Vices stand,
Prohibited by an Express Command:
But whether such they still remain to be,
No Argument will positively prove,
Without immediate Notice from above;
If the Almighty *Legislator* can
Be chang'd, like his inconstant Subject, Man.
Uncertain thus, what to perform, or shun,
We all intolerable Hazards run,
When an eternal Stake is to be lost or won.

J U S T I C E.

IX.

Rejoice, ye Sons of Piety, and sing
Loud *Hallelujah's* to his glorious Name,
Who was, and will for ever be, the same:
Your grateful Incense to his Temples bring,
That from the smoaking Altars may arise
Clouds of Perfumes to the imperial Skies.

Upon the Divine Attributes. 101

His Promises stand firm to you,
And endless Joys will be bestow'd,
As sure as that there is a God,
On all who Virtue choose, and righteous Paths pursue.
Nor should we more his Menaces distrust ;
For, while He is a *Deity*, He must
(As infinitely good) be infinitely just.
But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,
Whose Mercy is his darling Attribute,
To punish Crimes that temporary be,
And those but trivial Offences too,
Mere Slips of human Nature, small and few,
With everlasting Misery ?
This shocks the Mind, with deep Reflections fraught,
And Reason bends beneath the pœn'rous Thought.
Crimes take their Estimate from Guilt ; and grow
More heinous still, the more they do incense
That God, to whom all Creatures owe
Profoundest Reverence :
Tho' as to that Degree, they raise
The Anger of the Merciful most High,
We have no Standard to discern it by,
But the Infliction He on the Offender lays.
So that, if endless Punishment on all
Our unrepented Sins must fall,
None, not the least, can be accounted small.
That God is in Perfection just, must be
Allow'd by all that own a *Deity* :
If so, from Equity He cannot swerve,
Nor punish Sinners more than they deserve.

102 Upon the Divine Attribute

His Will reveal'd, is both express and clear ;
“ Ye Cursed of my Father go
To everlasting Woe ;”
If Everlasting means Eternal here,
Duration absolutely without End ;
Against which Sense some zealously contend,
That, when apply'd to Pains, it only means,
They shall ten thousand Ages last ;
Ten thousand more, perhaps, when they are past ;
But not Eternal in a lit'ral Sense :
Yet own, the Pleasures of the Just remain
So long as there's a God exists to reign.
Tho' none can give a solid reason, why
The Word *Eternity*,
To Heav'n and Hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry Senses of a diff'rent Kind ;
And 'tis a sad Experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

X.

BUT, if there be one Attribute Divine
With greater Lustre than the rest can shine,
‘Tis *Goodness* ; which we ev'ry Moment fee
The *Godhead* exercise with such Delight,
It seems, it only seems, to be
“The best belov'd Perfection of the *Deity*,
And more than Infinite.
Without That, He could never prove
The proper Object of our Praise or Love ;

Upon the Divine Attributes. 103

Were He not Good, He'd be no more concern'd
To hear the Wretched in Affliction cry,
Or see the Guiltless for the Guilty die,
Than NERO, when the flaming City burn'd,
And weeping *Romans* o'er its Ruins mourn'd,

Eternal Justice then would be

But everlasting Cruelty ;

Pow'r unrestrain'd, Almighty Violence ;
And Wisdom unconfin'd, but Craft immense.

"Tis *Goodness* constitutes Him that He is ;
And those,

Who will deny Him this,

A God without a *Deity* suppose.

When the lewd Atheist blasphemously swears,

By his tremendous Name,

There is no God, but all's a Sham !

Infipid Tattle, Praise and Pray'rs ;

Virtue, pretence ; and all the sacred Rules

Religion teaches, Tricks to cully Fools :

Justice would strike th' audacious Villain dead,

But Mercy, boundless, saves his guilty Head :

Gives him protection, and allows him Bread.

Does not the Sinner, whom no Danger awes,

Without Restraint, his Infamy pursue,

Rejoice, and glory in it too ;

Laugh at the Pow'r Divine, and ridicule his Laws ;

Labour in Vice his Rivals to excel,

That, when he's dead, they may their Pupils tell,

How wittily the Fool was damn'd, how hard he fell ?

Yet

104 Upon the Divine Attributes.

Yet this wile Wretch in Safety lives,
Blessings in common with the Best receives ;
Tho' he is proud t'affront the Gon whose Blessings gives.
The cheerful Sun his Influence sheds on all ;

Has no Respect to Good or Ill :
And fruitful Show'rs without Distinction fall,
Which Fields with Corn, with Grass the Pastures, fill.
The bounteous Hand of Heav'n bestows
Success and Honour, many Times, on those,
Who scorn his Fav'rites, and carefs his Foes,

XI.

To this Good Gon, whom my adventurous Pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty PINDAR's Strain ;
The' with unequal Strength to bear the Weight
Of such a pond'rous Theme so infinitely great :
To this Good Gon, celestial Spirits pay,
With Extasy Divine, incessant Praise ;
While on the Glories of his Face they gaze,
In the bright Regions of eternal Day.
To him each rational Existence here,
Whose Breast one Spark of Gratitude contains,
In whom there are the least Remains
Of Piety or Fear.
His Tribute brings of joyful Sacrifice,
For Pardon prays, and for Protection flies :
Nay, the inanimate Creation give,
By prompt Obedience to his Word,
Instinctive Honour to their Lord ;
And shame the thinking World, who in Rebellion live.
With

ELEAZAR's Lamentation, &c. A.D.

With Heav'n and Earth, then, O my Soul, wait,
And the Great God of both adore and bless,
Who gives thee Competence, Content, and Peace;
The only Fountains of sincere Delight:
That from the transitory Joys below,
Thou, by a happy Exit may'st remove
To those ineffable above;
Which from the Vision of the Godhead flow,
And neither End, Decrease, nor Interruption know.

ELEAZAR's Lamentation over Je- rusalem : Paraphrased out of JOSEPHUS.

S.T.A.N.Z.A.I.

A LAS, *Jerusalem* ! alas ! where's now
Thy pristine Glory, thy unmatch'd Reson,
To which the Heathen Monarchies did bow ?
Ah, hapless, miserable Town !
Where's all thy Majesty, thy Beauty gone,
Thou once most noble, celebrated Place,
The Joy and the Delight of all the Earth ;
Who gav'it to Godlike Princes Birth,
And bred up Heroes, an immortal Race ?
Where's now the vast Magnificence, which made
The Souls of Foreigners adore
Thy wond'rrous Brightness, which no more
shall shine, but lie in an eternal Shade ?

Oh

106 Eleazar's Lamentation, &

Oh Misery ! where's all her mighty State,
Her splendid Train of num'rous Kings,
Her noble Edifices, noble Things ;
Which made her seem so eminently great,
That barb'rous Princes in her Gates appear'd,
And wealthy Presents, as their Tribute, brought,
To court her Friendship ? For her Strength they fit
And all her wide Protection sought.

But now, ah ! now they laugh, and cry,
See how her lofty Buildings lie !
See how her flaming Turrets gild the Sky !

II.

WHERE's all the Young, the Valiant, and the bold,
That on her Festivals were us'd to Play
Harmonious Tunes, and beautify the Day ?

The glitt'ring Troops which did from far
Bring home the Trophies, and the Spoils of War,
Whom all the Nations round with Terror view'd,
Nor durst their godlike Valour try ?

Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,
And ev'ry Combat gain'd a Victory.

Ah ! where's the House of the Eternal KING,
The beanteous Temple of the Lord of Hosts,
To whose large Treasuries our Fleet did bring
The Gold and Jewels of remoteft Coasts ?
There had the infinite CREATOR plac'd

His terrible, amazing Name :
And with his more peculiar Presence grac'd
That heav'nly Sanctum ; where no Mortal came,

Paraphrased out of Josephus. 107

the *High Priest* only ; he but once a Year
that Divine Apartment might appear :
full of Glory, and so sacred then ;
it now corrupted with the Heaps of Slain,
which, scatter'd round with Blood, defile the mighty Fane.

III.

ALAS, *Jerusalem!* each spacious Street
Was once so fill'd, the num'rous Throng
as forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
And Thousands did with Thousands meet ;
the Darling then of God, and Man's belov'd Retreat.
Thee was the bright Throne of Justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, and vain Fraud unmix'd.
Ye scorn'd the Beauties of fallacious Gold,
Despising the most wealthy Bribes ;
But did the sacred Ballance hold
With godlike Faith to all our happy Tribes.
Thy well-built Streets, and ev'ry noble Square,
Were once with polish'd Marble laid,
And all thy lofty Bulwarks made
With wond'rous Labour, and with artful Care,
Thy pond'rous Gates, surprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid Gold ;
Whose Splendor did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the Eye ;
And Strangers passing, to themselves would cry,
What mighty Heaps of Wealth are here !

How

108 Eliazar's Lamentation, &c.

How thick the Bars of massy Silver lie !
O happy People ! and still happy be,
Cœlestial City ! from Destruction free,
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire Prosperity !

IV.

BUT now, Oh wretched, wretched Place !
Thy Streets and Palaces are spread
With Heaps of Carcasses, and Mountains of the Dead,
The bleeding Relicks of the Jewish Race ;
Each Corner of the Town, no vacant Space,
But is with breathless Bodies fill'd,
Some by the Sword, and some by Famine, kill'd;
Natives and Strangers are together laid.
Death's Arrows all at Random flew,
Amongst the Crowd, and no Distinction made,
But both the Coward and the Valiant fell,
All in one Dismal Ruin join'd,
(For Swords and Pestilence are blind);
The Fair, the Good, the Brave; no Mercy find,
Those that from far, with joyful Haste,
Came to attend thy Festival,
Of the same bitter Poison taste,
And by the black, destructive Poison fall ;
For the avenging Sentence pass'd on all.
Oh ! see how the Delight of human Eyes
In horrid Desolation lies !

See

Paraphrased out of Josephus. 109

See how the burning Ruins flame,
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty Name !
And the triumphant Victor cries,
This was the fam'd *Jerusalem* !

V.

THE most obdurate Creature must
Be griev'd to see thy Palaces in Dust,
Those ancient Habitations of the Just : }
And could the Marble Rocks but know
The Mis'ries of thy fatal Overthrow,
They'd strive to find some secret Way unknown,
Maugre the senseless Nature of the Stone,
Their Pity and Concern to shew ;
For now, where lofty Buildings stood,
Thy Sons corrupted Carcasses are laid :
And all by this Destruction made
One common Golgotha, one Field of Blood.
See ! how those ancient Men, who rul'd thy State,
And made thee happy, made thee great ;
Who sat upon the awful Chair
Of mighty Moses, in long Scarlet clad,
The Good to cherish, and chastise the Bad ;
Now sit in the corrupted Air,
In silent Melancholy, and in sad Despair !
See how their murder'd Children round 'em lie ?
Ah, dismal Scene ! hark how they cry !
Woe ! Woe ! one Beam of Mercy give,
Good Heav'n ! Alas, for we would live !
Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !

L

Thus

110 Eleazar's *Lamentation &c.*

THUS they lament, thus beg for Ease ;
While in their feeble, aged Arms they hold
The Bodies of their Offspring, stiff and cold,
To guard 'em from the ravenous Savages :
Till their increasing Sorrows Death persuade
(For Death must sure with Pity see
The horrid Desolation he has made)
To put a Period to all their Misery.

Thy wretched Daughters that survive,
Are by the Heathen kept alive
Only to gratify their Lust,
And then be mix'd with common Dust.
Oh ! insupportable, Stupendous Woe !
What shall we do ? Ah ! whither shall we go ?
Down to the Grave, down to those happy Shades below
Where all our brave Progenitors are blest
With endless Triumph, and eternal Rest.

VI.

BUT who, without a Flood of Tears, can see
Thy mournful, sad Catastrophe ?
Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie
In Ashes, and not be in Pain to die ?
Unhappy, dear *Jerusalem* ! thy Woes
Have rais'd my Griefs to such a vast Excess,
Their mighty Weight no Mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or Words express ;
Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Paraphrased out of Josephus. III

Good Heav'n had been extremely kind,
If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
Before this cursed Time, this worst of Days.
Is Death quite tir'd ; are all his Arrows spent ?
If not, why then so many dull Delays ?
Quick, quick, let the obliging Dart be sent !
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive ; that I
 May, happily, be sure to die.
Yet still we live, live in Excess of Pain ;
 Our Friends and Relatives are slain ;
 Nothing but Ruins round us see,
Nothing but Desolation, Woe, and Misery !
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding Hearts, complain,
 Our Enemies without prepare
Their direful Engines to pursue the War ;
And you may slavishly preserve your Breath,
Or seek for Freedom in the Arms of Death.

VII.

Thus then resolve : Nor tremble at the Thought ;
 Can Glory be too dearly bought ?
Since the Almighty Wisdom has decreed,
That we, and all our Progeny, should bleed ;
It shall be after such a noble Way,
Succeeding Ages will with Wonder view
 What brave Despair compell'd us to :
No, we will ne'er survive another Day.
 Bring then your Wives, your Children, all
 That's valuable good or dear,

112 A Prospect of DEATH.

With ready Hands, and place 'em here ;
They shall unite in one vast Funeral,
I know your Courages are truly brave,
And dare do any Thing but ill :
Who would an aged Father save,
That he may live in Chains and be a Slave,
Or for remorseless Enemies to kill ? .
Let your bold Hands then give the fatal Blow :
For, what at any other Time would be
The dire Effect of Rage and Cruelty,
Is Mercy, Tenderneſs, and Pity, now,
This then perform'd, we'll to the Battle fly,
And there, amidst our slaughter'd Foes, expire.
If 'tis Revenge and Glory you desire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die :
Nay, more, ev'n Freedom and Eternity.

A PROSPECT of DEATH. A Pindaric ESSAY.

-----*Sed omnes una manet nocte,
Et calcanda semel via letbi.*

HORACE.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no Alteration knows ;
But when we have resign'd our Breath,
Th'

A Prospect of DEATH. II 3

Th' immortal Spirit goes
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes :
Wise is the Man, who labours to secure
 That mighty and important Stake ;
 And, by all Methods, strives to make
His Passage safe and his Reception sure.
Merely to die, no Man of Reason fears ;
 For certainly we must,
 As we are born, return to Dust :
'Tis the last Point of many ling'ring Years.
 But whither then we go,
 Whither, we fain would know ;
But human Understanding cannot shew.
 This makes us tremble, and creates
 Strange Apprehensions in the Mind ;
Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates,
Concerning what we, Living, cannot find.
 None know what Death is, but the Dead ;
Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,
As a strange, doubtful Way, we know not how to tread.

II.

WHEN to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And scarce have one black, painful Hour to live ;
No Hopes, no Prospect, of a kind Reprieve,
To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb ;
 How moving, and how mournful is the Sight !
 How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous sad !
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort, to be had,

114 A Prospect of DEATH.

In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight;
Feeble and languishing in Bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of Rest ;
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die :

Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
With mighty Agonies and mighty Pains opprest.

III.

OUR Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat ;
Faint and irregular the Pulses beat ;

The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.

Our dying Eyes roll heavily about,
Their Light just going out ;

And for some kind Assistance call :
But Pity, useless Pity's all

Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive ;
Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are small.

The Tongue's unable to declare,
The Pains and Griefs, the Miseries, we bear ;

How insupportable our Torments are.

Music no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears ;
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In Robes of deepest Mourning clad ;

For,

ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sense,
akes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

THEN we are sensible too late,
no Advantage to be rich or great ;
I the fulsome Pride and Pageantry of State
No Consolation brings.
ies and Honours then are useleſs Things,
Tasteleſs, or bitter, all ;
, like the Book which the Apostle eat,
To the ill-judging Palate sweet,
turn at last to Nauseousness and Gall.
ing will then our drooping Spirits clear,
he Remembrance of good Actions past.
ne's a Joy that will for ever last,
makes pale Death less terrible appear ;
out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
e dark Antichamber of the Grave
'hat would we give (ev'n all we have,
that our Care and Industry have gain'd,
it our Policy, our Fraud, our Art, obtain'd)
ld we recal those fatal Hours again,
ch we consum'd in senseleſs Vanities,
pitious Follies, or luxurious Ease !
en they urge our Terrors, and increase our Pain.

116 *A Prospect of Death.*

V.

OUR Friends and Relatives stand weeping by,
Diffolv'd in Tears, to see us die,
And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve :
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable Estate :
But what, alas ! can Pity do
To soften the Decrees of Fate ?
Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
All their Endeavours to preserve our Breath,
Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love ;
But cannot cut off the Entail of Death ;
Mournful they look, and crowd about our Bed :
One, with officious Haste,
Brings us a Cordial we want Sense to taste ;
Another softly raises up our Head ;
This wipes away the Sweat ; that, fighting, cries,
See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies,
Both Soul and Body undergo !
His Pains no Intermission know ;
For ev'ry Gasp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.
Each would his kind Assistance lend,
To save his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend ;
But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

Our

A Prospect of DEATH. 117

VI.

OUR Father, pale with Grief and Watching grown,
Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries, Adieu ! :
Adieu, my Child ! now I must follow you :

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our Sons, who, in their tender Years,
Were Objects of our Cares and of our Fears,
Come trembling to our Bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bless us, O Father ! now before you die ;
Bless us, and be you bless'd to all Eternity.

Our Friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
Compassionate and kind,
Cries, Will you leave me here behind ?
Without me fly to the bless'd Seats above ?
Without me, did I say ? Ah, no !

Without thy Friend thou canst not go :
For, tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,

My Soul with thee shall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit Company,

Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Sky.

Ev'n Death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
Incapable to separate
(For 'tis not in the Pow'r of Fate)

My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend, and me :

But, since it must be so, Farewel ;
For ever ! No ; for we shall meet again,
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,
In the eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

THE

113 A Prospect of DEATH.

Yet Sovi, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal Strife,
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterpart of Life,
By slow Degrees, retires towards the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all its kind Artilleries of Art ;
Dismay Legion guarding ev'ry Port.
See Death, whose Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege dittains to lay ;
Sometimes his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
And in a Minute forms the feeble Citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Presents to make a solid Peace ;
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be :
But if his Armies are withdrawn to Day,
And we believe no Danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear ;
His Troops return some unsuspected Way ;
While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lie,
The Great Murtherer slib us and we die.

VIII.

Since our first Parents' Fall,
Invisible Death insinuates on all ;
A Moment never of human Race can miss :
The thing which makes it sweet, or bitter, is

Prospect of DEATH. 119

Fears of Misery, or certain Hopes of Bliss.

when th' Impenitent and Wicked die,

 Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
any Sense at that sad Time remains,
they feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains ;
the Earneſt of that vaſt, ſtupendous Woe,
which they to all Eternity muſt undergo,
infin'd in Hell with everlaſting Chains.

Infernall Spirits hover in the Air,
like rav'nous Wolves, to feize upon the Prey,
and hurry the departed Souls away
to the dark Receptacles of Despair :

here they muſt dwell till that tremendoſe Day,
when the loud Trumpet ſhall call them to appear
before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt severe ;

 By whose just Sentence they muſt go
to everlaſting Pains, and endleſs Woe.

IX.

BUT the good Man, whose Soul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
from all the ugly Stains of Lust and Villainy,
 Of Mercy and of Pardon ſure,
looks thro' the Darkness of the gloomy Night :
and ſees the Dawning of a glorious Day ;
 as Crowds of Angels ready to convey

 His Soul whene'er ſhe takes her Flight
to the ſurprizing Mansions of immortal Light.

Then

120 *A Prospect of DEATH.*

Then the cœlestial Guards around him stand ;
Nor suffer the black Dæmons of the Air
T' oppose his Passage to the promis'd Land,
Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair ;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His Pray'rs, his Charity, his Virtues, pres'ns
To plead for Mercy when he wants it most ;
Not one of all the happy Number's lost :
And those bright Advocates ne'er want Succes :
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She passes up in Triumph thro' the Sky ;
Where She's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels ; who, with a cœlestial Song,
Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage,
When, or how soon we cannot know ;
But, late or early, we are sure to go ;
In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age ;
We cannot take too sedulous a Care,
In this important, grand Affair :
For, as we die, we must remain !
Hereafter all our Hopes are vain,
To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
The Heathen, who no better understood
Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd,
No future Misery could be prepar'd
For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good ;
But if there was a State of Rest,

The

On the General Conflagration. 121

They should with the same Happiness be blest
As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, possest.

We have the Promise of the eternal Truth;
Those who live well, and pious Paths pursue,
To Man, and to their Maker, true,
Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,
Can never miss

Their Way to everlasting Bliss :
But from a World of Misery and Care
To Mansions of eternal Ease repair ;
Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
And in an endless Circle moves,
Thro' the vast Round of Beatific Love,
Which no Cessation knows.

*On the General CONFLAGRATION,
and Ensuing JUDGMENT.* A
Pindaric ESSAY.

*Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laborat.* Ovid. Met.

1.

122 *On the General Conflagration,*

What strong Convulsions, what stupendous Woe,
Must sinking Nature undergo,
Amidst the dreadful Wreck, and final Overthrow !
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her Fate,
With fearful Groans, and hideous Cries,
Fill the presaging Skies ;
Unable to support the Weight
Or of the present or approaching Miseries.
Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty Offspring, raving with Despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye sublunary Pow'rs, t'attend my Funeral !

II.

SEE, see the tragical Portents,
Those dismal Harbingers of dire Events !
Loud Thunders roar, and darting Lightnings fly
Thro' the dark Concave of the troubled Sky ;
The fi'ry Ravage is begun, the End is nigh.
See how the glaring Meteors blaze !
Like baleful Torches, O they come,
To light dissolving Nature to her Tomb !
And, scatt'ring round their pestilential Rays,
Strike the affrighted Nations with a wild Amaze.
Vast Sheets of Flame and Globes of Fire,
By an impetuous Wind are driven
Thro' all the Regions of th' inferior Heav'n ;
Till, hid in sulph'rous Smoak, they seemingly expire.

III.

SAD and amazing 'tis to see,
What mad Confusion rages over all
This scorching Ball !

and Ensuing Judgment. • 123

o Country is exempt, no Nation free,
each partakes the epidemic Misery.
hat dismal Havock of Mankind is made
By Wars, and Pestilence, and Dearth,
 Thro' the whole mournful Earth ?
'hich with a murd'ring Fury they invade,
ook by Providence, and all propitious Aid !
'hilft Fiends let loose, their utmost Rage employ,
 To ruin all Things here below ;
heir Malice and Revenge no Limits know,
in the universal Tumult, all destroy.

IV.

ISTRACTED Mortals from their Cities fly,
For Safety, to their champain Ground ;
But there no Safety can be found ;
The Vengeance of an angry Deity,
h unrelenting Fury, does inclose them round :
nd whilst for Mercy some aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before ;
And others, raving with their Woe,
Hunger, Thirst, Despair, they undergo)
laspheme and curse the Pow'r they should adore :
Earth, parch'd up with Drought, her Jaws extends,
 And op'ning wide a dreadful Tomb,
he howling Multitude at once descends
ogether, all into her burning Womb.

V.

HE trembling *Alps* abscond their aged Heads
mighty Pillars of infernal Smoke,
Which from their bellowing Caverns broke,
suffocates whole Nations where it spreads.

124 *On the General Conflagration,*

Sometimes the Fire within divides
The massy Rivers of those secret Chains,
Which hold together their prodigious Sides,
And hurls the shatter'd Rocks o'er all the Plains;
While Towns and Cities, ev'ry thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same Burst of Woe.

VI.

No Show'rs descend from the malignant Sky,
To cool the Burning of the thirsty Field ;
The Trees no Leaves, no Grass the Meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little Rivulets no more
To larger Streams their Tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing Ocean they ;
Which, with a strange unusual Roar,
Forsakes those ancient Bounds it would have pass'd before,
And to the monstrous Deep in vain retires :
For ev'n the Deep itself is not secure,
But, belching subterraneous Fires,
Increases still the scalding Calenture,
Which neither Earth, nor Air, nor Water, can endure.

VII.

THE Sun, by Sympathy, concern'd
At those Convulsions, Pangs, and Agonies,
Which on the whole Creation seize,
Is to substantial Darkness turn'd.
The neighb'ring Moon, as if a purple Flood
O'erflow'd her tott'ring Orb, appears
Like a huge Mass of black corrupting Blood ;
For she herself a Dissolution fears.

The

and Ensuing Judgment. 125

The larger Planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected Rays of borrow'd Light,
Hooke from their Centre, without Motion lie,
Unweildy Globes of solid Night,
And rainous Lumber of the Sky.

VIII.

AMIDST this dreadful Hurricane of Woes,
(For Fire, Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
Fill ev'ry Region of the tortur'd Earth and Air)
The great Archangel his loud Trumpet blows ;
At whose amazing Sound fresh Agonies
Upon expiring Nature seize :
For now she'll in few Minutes know
Th' ultimate Event and Fate of all below.
Awake, ye Dead, awake, he cries ;
(For all must come)
All that had human Breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable Doom.

IX.

At this the ghastly Tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand Ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his Scepter hold ;
But gave up all, and was himself a Captive made.
The scatter'd Particles of human Clay,
Which in the silent Grave's dark Chambers lay,
Resume their pristine Forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal Men.
Stupendous Energy of sacred Pow'r,
Which can collect, where ever cast

126 *On the General Conflagration,*

The smallest Atoms, and that Shape restore
Which they had worn so many Years before,
That thro' strange Accidents and num'rous Changes pass!

X.

SEE how the joyful Angels fly
From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
To gather and to convoy all
The pious Sons of human Race,
To one capacious Place,
Above the Confines of this flaming Ball.

See with what Tenderness and Love they bear
Those righteous Souls thro' the tumult'ous Air;
Whilst the Ungodly stand below,
Raging with Shame, Confusion, and Despair,
Amidst the burning Overthrow,
Expecting fiercer Torments, and acuter Woe.
Round them infernal Spirits howling fly ;
O Horror, Curses, Tortures, Chains ! they cry,
And roar aloud with execrable Blasphemy.

XI.

HARK how the daring Sons of Infamy,
Who once dissolv'd in Pleasures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous Day,
To Rocks and Mountains now to hide 'em cry,
But Rocks and Mountains all in Ashes lie.
Their Shame's so mighty, and so strong their Fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongst the burning Ruins of the World,
And lie conceal'd, if possible for ever there.

Time

and Ensuing Judgment. 127

Time was, they would not own a *Deity*,
Nor after Death a future State ;
But now, by sad Experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that Degree,
That rather than behold his Face, they'd cease to be.
And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give Consent,
To have no Being ; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in Pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous Punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent !

XII.

BUT now the eastern Skies expanding wide,
The Glorious JUDGE Omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary World his Passage bends ;
Where, cloath'd with human Nature, he did once refile.
Round him the bright Æthereal Armies fly,
And loud triumphant *Hallelujahs* sing,
With Songs of Praise, and Hymns of Victory,
To their Cœlestial KING ;
All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,
Now, and for everlasting Ages, be
To the Essential One, and Co-eternal *Three*.
Perish that World, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God Incarnate bleed !
Perish by thy Almighty Vengeance those
Who durst thy Person, or thy Laws, expose ;
The cursed Refuse of Mankind, and Hell's proud Seed.
Now to the unbelieving Nations shew,
Thou art a God from all Eternity ;
Not titular, or but by Office so ;

And

128 *On the General Conflagration,*

And let 'em the mysterious Union see
Of human Nature with the *Deity*.

XIII.

With mighty Transports, yet with awful Fears,
The Good behold this glorious Sight ;
Their God in all his Majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,

And seated on a Throne of everlasting Light.

Round the Tribunal, next to the most High,
In sacred Discipline and Order, stand

The Peers and Princes of the Sky,
As they excel in Glory or Command.

Upon the Right Hand that illustrious Crowd,
In the white Bosom of a shining Cloud,
Whose Souls, abhorring all ignoble Crimes,

Did, with a steady Course, pursue
His holy Precepts in the worst of Times,
Maugre what Earth or Hell, what Men or Devils could do.

And now That God they did to Death adore,
For whom such Torments and such Pains they bore,
Returns to place them on those Thrones above,
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess

Divine, substantial Happiness,
Unbounded as his Pow'r, and lasting as his Love.

XIV.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
Those rebel Sons, who did my Laws despise ;
Whom neither Threats nor Promises could move,
Not all my Sufferings, nor all my Love,
To save themselves from everlasting Miseries.

At

and Ensuing Judgment, 129

: this ten Millions of Archangels flew
after than Lightning, or the swiftest Thought,
And less than in an instant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal, Crew ;
Who with distorted Aspects come,
'o hear their sad, intolerable Doom.
Las ! they cry, one Beam of Mercy show,
Thou all-forgiving Deity !
o pardon Crimes is natural to Thee ;
rush us to nothing, or suspend our Woe :
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a Gulph of Fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)
rant, for Thou art a God, it may at last expire,
And all our Tortures have an End ;
Eternal Burnings, O, we cannot bear !
Tho' now our Bodies too immortal are,
Let 'em be pungent to the last Degree ;
And let our Pains innumerable be ;
it let 'em not extend to all Eternity !

{

XV.

Lo, now there does no Place remain
For Penitence and Tears, but all
Must by their Actions stand or fall :
To hope for Pity is in vain ;
he Dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty Books are by two Angels brought :
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The Law of Nature, and Divine Commands ;

In

130 *On the General Conflagration,*

In that, each Action, Word, and Thought,
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.

Then first the Virt'ous and the Good,
Who all the Fury of Temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd thro' Ignominy, Chains, and Blood.
Attended by their Guardian Angels, come
To the tremendous Bar of final Doom.
In vain the grand Accuser, railing, brings
A long Indictment of enormous Things
Whose Guilt wip'd off by penitential Tears,
And their Redeemer's Blood and Agonies,
No more to their Aftonishment appears,
But in the secret Womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

COME now, my Friends, He cries, ye Sons of Grace,
Partakers once of all my Wrongs and Shame,
Despis'd and hated for my Name ;
Come to your SAVIOUR's and your GOD's Embrace !
Ascend, and those bright Diadems possess,
For you by my Eternal FATHER made,
E'er the Foundation of the World was laid ;
And that surprising Happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.
For when I languishing in Prison lay,
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of Bread,
You did your kindly Visits pay,
Both cloath'd my Body, and my Hunger fed.
Weary'd with Sicknes, or oppres'd with Grief,
Your Hand was always ready to supply :
Whate'er I wanted, you were always by,
To share my Sorrows, or to give Relief.

In

and Ensuing Judgment. 131

In all Distress, so tender was your Love,
I could no anxious Trouble bear ;
No black Misfortune, or vexatious Care,
But you were still impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable Hand should unsuccessful
All this you did, tho' not to me [prove :
In Person, yet to mine in Misery :
And shall for ever live
In all the Glories that a God can give,
Or a created Being's able to receive.

{

XVII.

At this the Architects Divine on high,
Innumerable Thrones of Glory raise,
On which they, in appointed Order, place
The human Co-heirs of Eternity ;
And with united Hymns the God Incarnate praise,
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy Creatures, constantly ador'd !
Ineffable, Co-equal Three,
Who from Non-entity gave Birth
To Angels and to Men, to Heaven and to Earth,
Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy Mercy, we had ne'er possest
These Thrones, and this immense Felicity
Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest :
Therefore all Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever, longer, than for ever, be !

{

THEN

XVIII.

THEN the Incarnate GODHEAD turns his Face
 To those upon the Left, and cries,
 (Almighty Vengeance flashing in his Eyes)
 Ye impious, unbelieving Race,
 To those eternal Torments go,
 Prepar'd for those rebellious Sons of Light,
 In burning Darkness and in flaming Night ;
 Which shall no Limit or Cessation know,
 But always are extreme, and always will be so.
 The final Sentence pass'd, a dreadful Cloud
 Inclosing all the miserable Crowd,
 A mighty Hurricane of Thunder rose,
 And hurl'd 'em all into a Lake of Fire,
 Which never, never, never can expire;
 The vast Abyss of endless Woes !

Whilst with their God the Righteous mount on high,
 In glorious Triumph passing thro' the Sky,
 To Joys immense, and everlasting Ecstasy.



R E M A I N S
O F T H E
Rev. Mr. POMFRET.

VIZ.

R E A S O N. *A Satire.*

*Dies Novissima: Or, The LAST
EPIPHANY. A Pindaric Ode.*



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCLXVI.



Some Account of Mr. POMFRET, and his Writings.

THE two following Pieces are the only *Poetical Remains* of the Reverend Mr. POMFRET, and were lately found, among some other of his Papers of a private Nature, in the Custody of an intimate Friend.

The first of them, intitled, *Reason*, was wrote by him in the Year 1700, when the Debates concerning the Doctrine of the Trinity were carried on with so much heat by the Clergy one against another, that King WILLIAM was obliged to interpose his Royal Authority, by putting an End to that pernicious Controversy, through an Act of Parliament, strictly forbidding any Persons whatsoever to publish their Notions on this subject. It is indeed a severe, tho' very just, Satire upon the Antagonists engaged in that Dispute: and was published by Mr. POMFRET at the Time it was wrote. The not inserting of it among his other Poems; when he collected them into a Volume, was, on account of his having received very signal Favours from some of the Persons therein mentioned; But, They, as well as he, being now dead, it is hoped that the Revival of it at this Juncture, will answer the same good Purposes intended by the Author in its original Composition.

THE other, intitled, *Dies Novissima*; or, *The Last Epiphany; a Pindaric Ode, on Christ's second Appearance to judge the World*, is now printed from a Manuscript under his own Hand. It must be, indeed, confessed, that many excellent Pens have exercised their Talents upon his Subject; but yet notwithstanding the different Man-

iv Some Account of Mr. POMFRET.

ner in which they have treated it, I dare say, there will be found such a holy Warmth animating this Piece throughout, that, as *The Guardian* has observed of *Divine Poetry*, *We shall find a Kind of Refuge in our Pleasure, and our Diversion will become our Safety.*

HAVING thus given a faithful Account of these valuable *Remains*, there is another natural Piece of Justice still due to the Memory of the *Author*. In the first Place, by giving some Account of his Family, to clear him from the Aspersions of *Fanaticism*, which have been generally cast on him through a notorious Mistake; and, in the next Place, to defend the Genuineness of his Writings from the injurious Treatment of those who have, either through Malice or Ignorance, ascribed some of them to other Persons.

THE true Account of his Family, is as follows; viz. Mr. POMFRET's Father was Rector of *Linton* in *Hertfordshire*, and himself was preferred to the Living of *Malden* in the same County. He was liberally educated at an eminent Grammar School in the Country; from whence he was sent to the University of *Cambridge*; but of what College he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his Poetical Compositions, took the Degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most Kinds of Polite Literature.

IT was shortly after his leaving the University, that he was preferred to the Living of *Malden* above-mentioned; and so far was he from being in the least circumstanced with *Fanaticism*, that I have often heard him express his Abhorrence of the destructive Tenets maintained by those People, both against our *Religious* and *Civil Rights*.

THIS Imputation, it seems, was cast on him, by there having been one of his Surname, though not any way related to him, a Dissenting Teacher, who died not long

and his WRITINGS. v

long ago*: So far distant from the Accusation were the Principles of this excellent Man.

ABOUT the Year 1703, Mr. POMFRET came up to London, for Institution and Induction into a very considerable Living: But was retarded for some time, by a Disgust taken by Dr. HENRY COMPTON, then Bishop of London, at these four Lines in the Close of his Poem, intituled, *The Choice*:

*And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly Care,
What I did for a better State prepare.*

THE Parenthesis, in these Verses, was so maliciously represented to the Bishop, that his Lordship was given to understand, it could bear no other Construction, than that Mr. POMFRET preferred a *Mistress* before a *Wife*: tho', I think, the contrary is self-evident; the Verses implying no more, than the Preference of a *Single Life to Marriage*; unless his Brethren of the Gown will assert that an unmarried Clergyman cannot live without a *Mistress*. But the worthy Prelate was soon convinced of the preposterous Malice of Mr. POMFRET's Enemies towards him, he being at that Time married: Yet their base Opposition of his deserved Merit had in some Measure its Effect; for, by the Obstructions he met with, and the *Small-Pox* being at that time very rife, he sickered of them, and died at London, in the 26th Year of his Age.

THE ungenerous Treatment he has since met with, in regard to his *Poetical Compositions*, is in a Book intituled-

* MR. SAMUEL POMFRET, who published some Rhimes upon *Spiritual Subjects*, as they are pleased to call them.

vi *Account of Mr. POMFRET, &c.*

tled, *Poems by the Earl of Roscommon and Mr. DUKE**; in the Preface to which the Publisher has peremptorily inserted the following Paragraph : *In this Collection (says he) of my Lord Roscommon's Poems, Care has been taken to insert all that I could possibly procure that are truly genuine ; there having been several Things published under his Name, which were written by others, the Authors of which I could set down, if it were material.* Now this arrogant Editor would have been more just, both to the Public, and to the Earl of Roscommon's Memory, in telling us what Things had been published under his Lordship's Name by others, than by concealing the Authors of any such gross Impositions. Instead of which, he is so much a Stranger to Impartiality, that he has been guilty of the very Crime he exclaims against ; for he has not only attributed the *Prospect of Death* to the Earl of Roscommon, which was wrote by Mr. POMFRET many Years after his Lordship's Decease ; but likewise another Piece, intitled, *The Prayer of JEREMY Paraphrased ; prophetically representing the passionate Grief of the Jewish People for the Loss of their Town and Sanctuary* ; written by Mr. SOUTHCOT, a worthy Gentleman now living, who first published it himself in the Year 1717. † So that it is to be hoped, in a future Edition of the Earl of Roscommon's and Mr. DUKE's Poems, the same Care will be taken to do these Gentlemen Justice, as to prevent any other Persons from hereafter injuring the Memory of his Lordship.

1724.

PHILAETHES.

* Printed for Jacob Tonson, 1717. Octavo.

† See *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*. Printed for Bernard Lintot. Octavo.

REASON.



REASON:

A

POEM.

U NHAPPY Man! who, thro' successive Years,
From early Youth to Life's last Childhood
No sooner born but proves a Foe to Truth ; [errs :
For Infant Reason is o'erpower'd in Youth.
The Cheats of Sense will half our Learning share ;
And Pre-Conceptions all our Knowledge are :
Reason, 'tis true, should over Sense preide,
Correct our Notions, and our Judgments guide ;
But false Opinions rooted in the Mind,
Hoodwink the Soul, and keep our Reason blind.
Reason's a Taper, which but faintly burns ;
A languid Flame, that glows and dies by turns ;
We see't a little while, and but a little Way ;
We travel by its Light, as Men by Day :

2 REASON. A POEM.

But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like Morning Star, that never stay till Noon.

The Soul can scarce above the Body rise ;
And all we see is with Corporeal Eyes.
Life now does scarce one Glimpse of Light display ;
We mourn in Darkness, and despair of Day :
That nat'ral Light, once drest in orient Beams,
Is now diminish'd and a Twilight seems ;
A miscellaneous Composition, made
Of Night and Day, of Sunshine and of Shade.'
Thro' an uncertain Medium now we look,
And find That Falsehood, which for Truth we took :
So Rays projected from the Eastern Skies,
Shew the false Day before the Sun can rise.

THAT little Knowledge now, which Man obtains,
From outward Objects and from Sense he gains :
He, like a wretched Slave must plod and sweat ;
By day must toil, by Night that Toil repeat ;
And yet at last, what little Fruit he gains ?
A Beggar's Harvest, glean'd with mighty Pains..

THE Passions still predominant will rule,
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's School ;
Our Understanding they with Darkness fill,
Cause strong Corruptions, and pervert the Will :
On these the Soul, as on some flowing Tide,
Must fit, and on the raging Billows ride,

Hurry'd.

REASON. A POEM. 3.

arry'd away ; for how can be withstood
h' impetuous Torrent of the boiling Blood ;
e gone, false Hopes, for all our Learning's vain ;
Can we be free where these the Rule maintain ;
These are the Tools of Knowledge which we use ;
The Spirits heated, will strange Things produce.
Tell me, who e'er the Passions could controul,
Or from the Body disengage the Soul ?
Till this is done, our best Pursuits are vain,
To conquer Truth, and unmix'd Knowledge gain.
Thro' all the bulky Volumes of the Dead,
And thro' those Books that modern Times have bred,
With Pain we travel, as thro' moorish Ground,
Where scarce one useful Plant is ever found ;
O'er-run with Errors, which so thick appear,
Our Search proves vain, no Spark of Truth is there.

WHAT'S all the noisy Jargon of the Schools,
But idle Nonsense of laborious Fools,
Who fetter *Reason* with perplexing Rules ?
What in AQUINA's bulky Works are found,
Does not enlighten *Reason*, but confound,
Who travels SCOTUS' swelling Tomes, shall find
A Cloud of Darkness rising on the Mind.
In controverted Points can *Reason* sway,
When Passion or Conceit, still hurries us away ?
Thus his new Notions SHERLOCK would infill,
And clear the greatest Mysteries at Will ;
But, by unlucky Wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.

4 REASON. A POEM.

SOUTH soon oppos'd him, out of Christian Zeal ;
Shewing how well he could dispute and rail.
How shall we e'er discover which is right,
When both so eagerly maintain the Fight ?
Each does the other's Arguments deride ;
Each has the Church and Scripture on his Side.
The sharp, ill-natur'd Combat's but a Jeſt ;
Both may be wrong ; one, perhaps, errs the leaſt.
How ſhall we know which Articles are true,
The old ones of the Church, or BURNET's new ?
In Paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
Who blindly follows others fertile Heads,
What ſure, what certain Mark have we to know,
The right or wrong 'twixt BURGESS, WAKE, and HOWE ?

SHOULD untun'd Nature crave the *Medic Art*,
What Health can that contentious Tribe impart ?
Ev'ry Physician writes a different Bill,
And gives no other *Reason* but his Will.
No longer boast your Art, ye impious Race ;
Let Wars 'twixt *Alcalies* and *Acids* ceafe ; }
And proud G---LL with COLBATCH be at Peace.
GIBBONS and RADCLIFFE do but rarely gues ;
To-Day they've *good*, To-Morrow *no Success*.
Ev'n GARTH and * MAURUS ſometimes ſhall prevail,
When GIBSON, learn'd HANNES, and TYSON, fail.
And, more than once, we've ſeen that blund'ring S---NE,
Miffing the Gout, by chance has hit the Stone ;

The

* Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

REASON. A POEM.

5

The Patient does the lucky Error find :
A Cure he works, tho' not the Cure design'd.

CUSTOM, the World's great Idol, we adore ;
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What Education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd Age confirms us to believe ;
The careful Nurse, and Priest, are all we need,
To learn Opinions, and our Country's Creed :
The Parents Precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil the Man, while they instruct the Child.
To what hard Fate is human Kind betray'd,
When thus implicit Faith's a Virtue made ;
When Education more than Truth prevails,
And nought is current but what Custom seals ?
Thus, from the Time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the Wiser grow.

We seldom use our Liberty aright,
Nor judge of Things by universal Light :
Our Prepossession and Affections bind
The Soul in Chains, and lord it o'er the Mind ;
And if Self-int'rest be but in the Case,
Our unexamin'd Principles may pass.
Good Heav'n's ! that Man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on Credit, and on Trust believe !
Better the Mind no Notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten Blank remain'd :
For now, who Truth from Falshood would discern,
Must first disrobe the Mind, and all unlearn ;

Errors,

6 REASON. A POEM.

Errors, contracted in unmindful Youth,
When once remov'd, will smooth the Way to Truth:
To dispossess the Child the Mortal lives,
But Death approaches e'er the Man arrives.

THOSE who would Learning's glorious Kingdom find,
The dear-bought Purchase of the trading Mind,
From many Dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than *Scylla* and *Charybdis* meet.
Oh ! what an Ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a Prospect of the shining Shore !
Resisting Rocks oppose th' inquiring Soul,
And adverse Waves retard it as they roll.

DOES not that foolish Diference we pay
To Men that liv'd long since, our Passage stay ;
What odd, preposterous Paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the Dead ?
First we a blessing from the Grave implore,
Worship old Urns, and Monuments adore ;
The rev'rend Sage, with vail Esteem, we prize :
He liv'd long since, and must be wond'rous wise.
Thus are we Debtors to the famous Dead,
For all those Errors which their Fancies bred :
Errors indeed ! for real Knowledge stay'd
With those first Times, nor farther was convey'd ;
While light Opinions are much lower brought,
For on the Waves of Ignorance they float :
But solid Truth scarce ever gains the Shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

SUPPOSE

REASON. A POEM. 7

SUPPOSE those many dreadful Dangers past,
Will Knowledge dawn, and bless the Mind, at last ?
h ! no ; 'tis now environ'd from our Eyes,
Hides all its Charms, and undiscover'd lies.
Truth, like a single Point, escapes the Sight,
And claims Attention to perceive it right :
But what resembles Truth is soon descry'd,
Spread like a Surface, and expanded wide.
The first Man rarely, very rarely, finds
The tedious Search of long enquiring Minds :
But yet what's worse, we know not when we err ;
What Mark does Truth, what bright Distinction, bear ?
How do we know, that *what we know is true* ?
How shall we Falshood fly, and Truth pursue ?
Yet none then here his certain Knowledge boast ;
'Tis all but *Probability* at most :
This is the easy Purchase of the Mind,
The *Vulgar's Treasure*, which we soon may find ;
It *Truth* lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glitt'ring Gem, our fleeting Life is o'er.



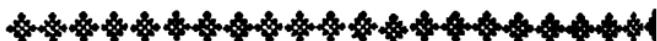
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Dies



Dies Novissima:

O R, T H E L A S T E P I P H A N Y *A PINDARIC ODE, on CHRIST's Second Appearance, to Judge the World.*



I.

A DIEU, ye toyish Reeds, that once could please
My softer Lips, and lull my Cares to Ease :
Be gone ; I'll waste no more vain Hours with you :
And smiling SYLVIA too, adieu !

A brighter Pow'r invokes my Muse,
And loftier Thoughts and Raptures does infuse.

See ! beck'ning from yon Cloud, *He* stands,
And promises Affiance from his Hands,

I feel the heavy rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail Abode, **H**

How my Breast heaves, and Pulses beat !
Ink, I sink, beneath the furious Heat :
The weighty Bliss o'erwhelms my Breast,
Id over-flowing Joys profusely waste.
Some nobler Bard, O *Sacred Pow'r*, inspire,
Soul more large, th' Elapses to receive :
And, brighter yet, to catch the Fire,
Id each gay following Charm from Death to save !
----In vain the Suit----the God inflames my Breast ;
I rave, with Extasies opprest :
ife, the Mountains lessen, and retire ;
Id now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental Fire :
The *leading Deity* I have in view ;
Or Mortal knows, as yet, what Wonders will ensue.

II.

I past thro' Regions of unfully'd Light ;
I gaz'd, and ficken'd at the blissful Sight ;
Shudd'ring Paleness seiz'd my Look :
At last the Pest flew off, and thus I spoke ;
Say, *Sacred Guide*, shall this bright Clime
“ Survive the fatal Test of Time,
Or perish, with our mortal Globe below,
“ When yon bright *Sun* no longer shines ? ”
Straight I finish'd---veiling low ;
The *Visionary Pow'r* rejoins !
’Tis not for you to ask, nor mine to say,
“ The Niceties of that *tremendous Day*.

10 *The Last EPIPHANY.*

“ Know, when o'er-jaded Time his Round has run,
“ And finish'd are the radiant Journeys of the *Sun*,
“ The great *decisive Morn* shall rise,
“ And Heav'n's *Bright JUDGE* appear in opening Skies,
“ Eternal Grace and Justice *He'll* bestow
“ On all the *trembling World* below.”

III.

He said. I mus'd ; and thus return'd :
“ What Ensigns, courteous Stranger, tell,
“ Shall the brooding Day reveal ?
He answer'd mild———
“ Already, stupid with their Crimes,
“ Blind Mortals prostrate to their Idols lie :
“ Such were the boding Times,
“ Ere Ruin blasted from the fluicy Sky ;
“ Disolv'd they lay in fulsome Ease,
“ And revell'd in luxuriant Peace ;
“ In *Bacchanals* they did their Hours consume,
“ And *Bacchanals* led on their swift, advancing Doom.”

IV.

ADULT'RATE *Christ's* already rise,
And dare t'asswage the angry Skies ;
Erratic Throngs their SAVIOUR's Blood deny,
And from the *Cross*, alas ! *He* does neglected sigh ;
The *Anti-Christian Pow'r* has rais'd his *Hydra-Head*,
And Ruin, only less than JESUS' Health, does spread.
So

The Last EPIPHANY. II

So long the Gore thro' poison'd Veins has flow'd,
That scarcely ranker is a Fury's Blood ;
Yet spacious Artifice, and fair Disguise,
The Monster's Shape, and curst Design, belies :
A *Fiend's* black Venom, in an *Angel's* Mien,
He quaffs, and scatters, the contagious Spleen ;
Straight, when *he* finishes his lawless Reign,
Nature shall paint the shining Scene,
Quick as the Lightning which inspires the Train. }

V.

FORWARD *Confusion* shall provoke the Fray,
And Nature from her ancient Order stray ;
Black Tempests, gath'ring from the Seas around,
In horrid Ranges shall advance ;
And, as they march, in thickest Sables drown'd,
The Rival Thunder from the Clouds shall sound,
And Lightnings join the fearful Dance :
The blust'ring Armies o'er the Skies shall spread,
And universal Terror shed ;
Loud issuing Peals and rising Sheets of Smoke,
Th' encumber'd Region of the Air shall choke ;
The noisy Main shall lash the suff'ring Shore,
And from the Rocks the breaking Billows roar ;
Black Thunder bursts, blue Lightnings burn,
And melting Worlds to Heaps of Ashes turn ;
The Forests shall beneath the Tempest bend,
And rugged Winds the nodding *Cedars* rend,

12 *The Last EPIPHANY.*

VI.

REVERSE all Nature's Web shall run,
And spotless *Misrule*, all around,
Order, its flying Foe, confound ;
Whilst backward all the Threads shall hafte to be w
Triumphant *Chaos*, with his oblique Wand,
(The Wand with which ere Time begun,
His wand'ring Slaves he did command,
And made 'em scamper right, and in rude Range
The hostile Harmony shall chace ;
And as the Nymph resigns her Place,
And panting to the neigh'b'ring Refuge flies,
The formless Ruffian slaughters with his Eyes,
And following, storms the searching Dame's Ret
Adding the Terror of his Threat ;
The Globe shall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, distorted with the Wound.

VII.

SWATH'D in substantial Shrowds of Night,
The sick'ning *Sun* shall from the World retire,
Stript of his dazzling Robes of Fire ;
Which dangling once shed round a lavish Flood of I
No frail Eclipse, ~~but~~ all essential Shade,
Not yielding to preceval Gloom,
Whilst Day was yet an *Embryo* in the Womb ;

The Last EPIPHANY. 13.

Nor glimm'ring in its Source, with silver Streamers play'd,
A jett'y Mixture of the Darkness spread
O'er murmuring *Egypt's Head*;
And that which Angels drew
O'er Nature's Face, when Jesus dy'd;
Which sleeping Ghofts for this mistook,
And rising, off their hanging Fun'rals shook,
And fleeting pass'd, expos'd their bloodless Breasts to View:
Yet find it not so dark, and to their Dormitories glide.

VIII.

Now bolder Fires appear,
And o'er the palpable Obscurement sport,
Glaring and gay as falling LUCIFER,
Yet mark'd with Fate as when he fled th'aetherial Court,
And plung'd into the opening Gulph of Night;
A Sabre of immortal Flame I bore,
And, with this Arm, his flourishing Plume I tore,
And straight the Fiend retreated from the Fight.

IX.

MEAN time the lambent Prodigies on high
Take gameſome Measures in the Sky;
Joy'd with his future Feast, the Thunder roars
In Chorus to th' enormous Harmony;
And haloo's to his Offspring from sulphur'ous Stores:
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble Turn, and radiant Embassy.

THE

X.

THE Moon turns paler at the Sight,
 And all the *blazing Orbs* deny their Light ;
 The *Lightning*, with its livid Tail,
 A Train of glitt'ring Terrors draws behind,
 Which o'er the trembling World prevail ;
 Wing'd and blown on by Storms of Wind,
 They shew the hideous Leaps on either Hand
 Of *Night*, that spreads her *Ebon' Curtains* round,
 And there erects her royal Stand,
 In sev'n-fold winding *Jet* her conscious Temples bound.

XI.

THE Stars next, starting from their Sphere,
 In giddy Revolutions leap and bound ;
 Whilst *this* with double Fury glares,
 And meditates new Wars,
 And wheels in sportive Gyres around,
 Its Neighbour shall advance to fight ;
 And while each offers to enlarge its Right,
 The general Ruin shall increase,
 And banish all the Votaries of Peace.
 No more the *Stars*, with paler Beams,
 Shall tremble o'er the Midnight Streams,
 But travel downward to behold
 What mimics 'em so twinkling there ;
 And like *NARCISSUS*, as they gain more near,

For

The Last EPIPHANY. 15

For the *lov'd Image* straight expire,
And agonize in warm Desire,
Or flake their Lust, as in the Stream they roll.

XII.

WHILST the World burns, and all the Orbs below
In their viperous Ruins glow,
They sink, and unsupported leave the Skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their Torment in the Noise.
Then see the *Almighty JUDGE*, sedate and bright,
Cloth'd in Imperial Robes of Light !
His Wings the Wind, rough Storms the Chariot bear :
And nimble Harbingers before him fly.
And with officious Rudeness brush the Air ;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their Flight,
In horrid Sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding Tracts of Light ;
Then urging, to their Ranks they close,
And shiv'ring, left they start, a sailing Caravan compose.

XIII.

THE *Mighty JUDGE* rides in tempestuous State
Whilst mighty Guards his Orders wait :
His waving Vestsments shine
Bright as the *Sun*, which lately did its Beams resign,
And burnish'd Wreaths of Light shall make his Form
{ Divine.
Strong Beams of Majesty around his Temples play,
And the transcendent Gayety of his Face allay :

His

16 *The Last EPIPHANY.*

His Father's rev'rend Characters He'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with Light, and over-awe with Fear;
Myriads of Angels shall be there,
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous Rear ;
Angels, the first and fairest Sons of Day,
Clad with eternal Youth, and, as their Vestsments gay.

XIV.

Nor for Magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant Scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling Throne,
And swell the Lustre of his pompous Train ;
The nimble Ministers of Bliss or Woe
We shall attend, and save, or deal the Blow,
As *He* admits to Joy, or bids to Pain.

XV.

The welcome News
Thro' every Angel's Breast fresh Raptures shall diffuse.
The Day is come,
When *Satan* with his Pow'r's shall sink to endless Doom ;
No more shall we his hostile Troops pursue
From Cloud to Cloud, nor the long Fight renew.

XVI.

Then RAPHAEL, big with Life, the Trump shall sound :
From falling Spheres the joyful Music shall rebound,
And Seas and Shores shall catch and propagate it round :
Louder

The Last EPIPHANY. 17

Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,
Than when from *Sinai's* Hill,
In Thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning Smoke,
 The ALMIGHTY spoke.
We'll shout around with martial Joy,
And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our
 [shouts reply.
Then first th' *Archangel's* Voice, aloud,
Shall chearfully salute the Day and Throng,
And *Hallelujah*, fill the Crowd ;
And I perhaps, shall close the Song.

XVII.

FROM its long Sleep all human Race shall rise,
And see the *Morn* and JUDGE advancing in the Skies :
 To their old Tenements the *Souls* return,
Whilst, down the Steep of Heav'n as swift the JUDGE
 [descends :
These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn ;
Whilst, see, distracted Looks yon stalking Shades attend :
The *Saints* no more shall conflict on the Deep,
Nor rugged Waves insult the lab'ring Ship ;
But from the Wreck in Triumph they arise,
And borne to *Bliss*, shall tread *Empyreal Skies*.

F I N I S.

30



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